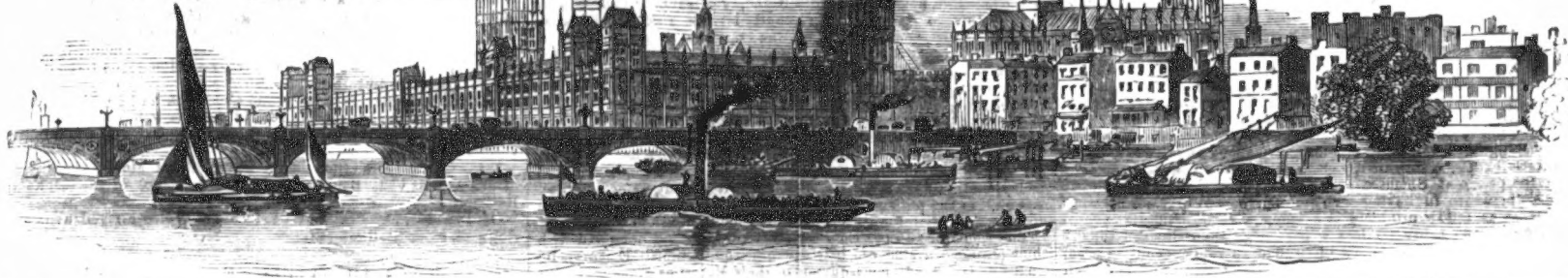


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**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866.

ONE PENNY.



THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS. (After a Picture by Mabuse.) (See page 530.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday, an inquest was held at the London Hospital on Mary Ann Hayes, fifty-three, a shoemaker, who died from violence. The deceased, a widow, resided at No. 10 Montague-street, Whitechapel. On the evening of Wednesday fortnight she went out to see a friend, and returned through Brick-lane at nine or ten o'clock. Two persons were quarrelling, and she was between them, and received a wound in the back which proved to be very deep. She went home and told her friends that she did not know the persons who had stabbed her, or what instrument had been used. She was removed to the hospital, where she died on the 23rd inst. Deceased was given to habits of intemperance. The post-mortem examination showed that the wound penetrated the dorsal vertebrae. Half the spinal column was completely cut through, and death was consequently inevitable. The coroner inquired whether anything was known of the parties who had killed the deceased. Inspector Oxbury said the police had not been told anything about the outrage until after the woman's death, consequently great difficulties were thrown in the way, but they were quickly overcome everywhere in the neighbourhood. Verdict—"Manslaughter against some person or persons unknown."

On Saturday, a prisoner, named Donovan, of Malaga, escaped from the prison at Brixton in a remarkable manner. He was, no doubt, fortunate in having two accomplices, a cunning and practical engineer as well as a prisoner, and being a veteran burglar named Barnet, and the other no less a personage than Brookes, the deserter, whose singular evasions of law and order encounters with the police were recently chronicled in these columns. Donovan himself is a ticket-of-leave man, and therefore not unacquainted with the interior arrangements of prisons. It appeared that about noon on Saturday Donovan took advantage of the negligence or oversight of a turnkey, and passed from the yard of the male prisoners into the women's day ward. Here he perceived that a tall, some thirty feet high, and surmounted with a chain of defile and iron railings, was all that separated him from Watlington and liberty. An iron pipe in one corner at once attracted his attention, and up this he immediately climbed and seized hold of the chain of defile. This mechanical contrivance ought at once to have arrested him by revolving on its axis, but corrosion had converted it into a fixture, and instead of impeding it rather assisted his escape. The spiked railings also offered no serious impediment, and in a short time Donovan, on the top of a wall, was the object upon which the sympathizing eyes of the Saturday morning crowd of Watlington were fixed. He was not long in descending to the level of the street, and was clear off before it occurred to a policeman standing near the Town Hall to go and see what all the noise and crowd was about. He was at once assured that he was too late, and the subsequent chase of Donovan through the Wicker led to no satisfactory result as far as the police were concerned, the escaped prisoner not having since been recaptured. On an internal inspection of the prison being made the deserter Brookes was discovered mounting the pipe with a view to following Donovan. He reluctantly descended under protest, and informed the officers that his friend Donovan had an appointment with a young lady which it was quite impossible for him to break. That was the sole cause of his unceremonious exit.

General News.

Dr. JOHNSON, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, has delivered a lecture in Southampton, previous to his going to the Southern States of America to practise. He is a man of considerable ability, perfectly black, and was formerly a Kentuckian slave. It is stated upon good authority that Mr. Charles Davis, the veteran royal huntsman, who is now seventy-nine years of age, will retire from the position which he has so long and honourably held in the Queen's Hunt at the end of this season. Harry King, it is believed, will succeed Mr. Davis. King has been riding with her Majesty's staghounds for at least thirty years, and has won the good will and esteem of the numerous followers of the royal buckhounds.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. Sayers, the assessed tax-collector of the Tunbridge Wells district, took the engine of the mail train under arrest immediately on its arrival, the company having failed to pay certain assessed taxes in consequence of a dispute. While Mr. Sayers was speaking to the deputy station-master on the subject the whistle of the engine was blown, and it was at once put into motion, and proceeded on its way to Tunbridge, much to the chagrin of Mr. Sayers, who stated an intention of entering an action against the company for removing the engine while under arrest.

The Emperor Napoleon will personally take part in the Universal Exhibition of 1867. His Majesty will appear in the list of exhibitors whose productions will specially interest the working classes, and intends sending specimens of habitations for artisans and mechanics, which will unite cheapness of construction with sanitary comfort. The houses are to be erected within the park of the Exhibition.

The Earl of Jersey will attain his majority in March next, when he will take possession of his ancestral domains at Middleton Park, Oxfordshire, &c. The noble earl is at present pursuing his studies at Balliol College, Oxford, from whence he will take his degree.

The Earl of Harrington, who left Christ Church last term for the south of France in consequence of ill-health, has, we understand, benefited by the change of air. His lordship, with his Grace the Duke of Hamilton and the sons of Sir Lionel Darrell, Bart., and others, have taken their names off the books of Christ Church.

FURTHER REWARDS FOR THE APPREHENSION OF STEPHENS.—Dublin is pestered with proclamations offering, in addition to the former reward of £1,000 for the apprehension of Stephens, £1,000 for such private information as may lead to his capture. £300 and a free pardon will be given to accomplices in the escape, or to those harbouring him who may reveal his whereabouts. Government, it is said, have given a commission of the peace to several military men, to enable them to act independently of civil magistrates in cases of disturbances.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ENGLAND.—During the severe gales that have prevailed a loss has been sustained which can never be replaced. It is well known that the oldest house in England is the one at the bottom of Blue Anchor-lane, West Quay, Southampton, formerly the residence of King John. The remains of this building have long been used as a store and a cart-shed, and we regret to announce that the force of the wind has blown down one of the walls, thereby destroying a secret court that existed within the wall, and which led to a subterranean passage, planned for the escape of its beleaguered occupants. In one of the walls of the house is a recess, the size and form of a human being, tradition asserting that a poor wretch was built into the wall alive, and there left by his barbarous enemies to perish by the slow and torturing pangs of hunger.—*Hants Independent.*

YOUNG'S AMERICAN JUNK AND BURNING PLANTERS are the best ever invented for giving immediate ease. Price 6d and 1s per box. Observe the Trade Mark—H. Y.—without which none are genuine. May be had of most respectable chemists in town and country. Wholesale Manufacturers, 16, Carthusian-street, Aldersgate-street, E.C., London.—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

M. de Saligny, the rope-dancer, whose fame dates from the beginning of this century, died in Paris in her eightieth year. It is recorded that on the occasion of the First Napoleon's marriage, the King of Rome, she offered to dance on a rope between the towers of Notre-Dame. Napoleon refused to allow the exhibition. Subsequently she appeared, in defiance of the emperor's prohibition, on her rope, in the midst of a display of fireworks—a feat then novel, and one which excited the utmost astonishment. When she heard that the emperor was in a great rage at his command having been disobeyed, she said, "Tell him to give orders to his grenadiers, and let us risk our lives as we like, for 'our glory.'" She made a large fortune at the little theatre on the Boulevard du Temple, which for many years bore her name and afterwards became the Delassements Comiques, and then purchased with her savings Voltaire's house and grounds at Ferney, but was very soon obliged to sell it, and during the latter years of her life was in great poverty. Only four years ago she danced at the Hippodrome, where, at the age of seventy-six, it was a wondrous and sorry sight to see her.

The most rare circumstance of a military execution occurred at Lille the other day. A soldier of the 10th Regiment, named Eyrant, was shot in the presence of the entire garrison, pursuant to sentence of a court-martial, for assaulting and wounding an officer.

The Emperor and the Empress on Saturday night honoured with their presence a splendid ball given at the Prussian Embassy by Count de Goltz. In consequence of their Majesties graciously consenting to attend, the Princesses of Hohenzollern were pleased to do the honours on the occasion. About 900 invitations had been issued to the members of the diplomatic body and their families, the highest State functionaries, and the principal personages of Parisian and foreign society. The Emperor and Empress arrived at half-past ten, his Majesty wearing the Grand Cordon of the Black Eagle, and the Empress, as well as the other ladies, being in white, in consequence of the mourning for Prince Oddone. The quadrille of honour was composed of the Emperor and the Princesses of Hohenzollern, the Empress and the Count de Goltz, Prince Hohenzollern and the Princess de Metternich, and the Prince de Metternich and the Countess Aguado.

At the shooting excursion of the Emperor and Empress last week, at St. Cloud, their Majesties were accompanied by the Princess de Metternich, Countess Aguado, Prince de la Moskowa, Prince de Metternich, Count Agostini, and Prince Poniatowski. After breakfasting at Villeneuve-l'Étang, the company commenced their sport at half-past one. The Empress and the other two ladies exhibited remarkable address, and drew down repeated bravos from their more experienced companions. The result of the day's sport was 130 pheasants killed, ten hares, and three fawns.

Immediately after the great storm of January 11th, an official report from Oberbourg boasted of the impermeability of the breakwater, and represented that it had received no damage whatever. A different story is now told. The *Journal de Granville* says:—"The terrible tempest of January 11 had a tremendous effect upon the breakwater. Two hundred and twenty large blocks of stone, most of them weighing several tons, and which served as important external barriers against the waves, were carried away, and thrown upon the coast above the mole. Forty guns on the breakwater were displaced, and fourteen of these enormous pieces of artillery were blown into the water. Such things must be seen to be believed."

AMERICA.

Mr. Chandler has introduced the following resolution in the Senate:—

"Whereas England refuses to settle the Alabama claims, the President is requested to withdraw the American minister from England, and issue a proclamation of national non-intercourse."

The resolution was tabled (shelved) by a vote of 25 to 12.

A resolution has been offered and laid over recommending the immediate trial of Messrs. Davis and Olney by military commission.

All Government employees at Fort Monroe formerly in the service of the Confederate Government have been dismissed, in consequence, it is said, of fears that they intended to attempt the rescue of Mr. Davis.

General Sweeney, the Peninsular Secretary of War, has joined the Senate organization, and has issued a call for prompt military action.

The *New York Herald* states that President Johnson is considerably indisposed, but that no fears are entertained of serious illness.

MEXICO.

It is reported that the Matamoros *Ranchero* of the 5th states that a filibuster force, estimated at 100 to 400 strong, composed partly of negroes, and commanded by the American General Reed, a staff officer of General Crawford, has crossed the Rio Grande from the Texas side and captured Bagdad, on the Mexican side, surprising and taking prisoners the Imperial garrison. They afterwards plundered the city, sending the spoils to the Texas side. The Imperial gunboat Antonio was summoned to surrender, but replied with a broadside, scattering the filibusters. The following morning a French gunboat opened fire upon the filibusters, driving them into the upper part of the town. Here, according to the last account, they held their position. In the conflict about thirty were killed on each side. General Crawford had left Brownsville for Bagdad.

SPAIN AND CHILE.

The *Politica* says:—"Several vessels bearing Chilean colours have appeared off Valencia and given chase to some Spanish coasting brig. It is asserted that the pursuers are not Chilean cruisers, but simply pirates under cover of the Chilean flag."

A RETENTIVE MEMORY.—There is at the present time in St. Mary's workhouse in Reading an old woman, nearly ninety years of age, who is able to repeat the whole of the second book of Milton's "Paradise Lost." There are we should think about 1,200 lines in this book. The woman of whom we are speaking learnt these lines, at the instance of her mother, when she was a child of nine years, and has not forgotten the lesson since. She is, it need scarcely be added, a person of unusual intelligence.—*Berks Chronicle.*

SUDDEN DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF LEZANT.—Many readers will learn with regret the very sudden death of the rector of Lezant, the Rev. E. O. Philpotts, son of the venerable bishop of the diocese. The rev. gentleman was apparently in good health on Friday last, and buried one of his parishioners, and on Saturday, when about to proceed to a neighbouring parish, his horse being saddled at the door, and he himself in the act of offering family prayer, he was suddenly seized with apoplexy, as it is supposed; and though the same horse which was waiting for him was instantly sent for medical aid to Luncheon, Mr. Philpotts had expired before Dr. Olney arrived. He was presented by his bishop to the rectory in the year 1847, and was one of his father's chaplains.—*Western Morning News.*

SENTINEL ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brace button, by inserting upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five pence. Patentees' Depot, 482, New Oxford-street, W.C.—[Advertisement.]

Eye Court.

Prince Christian, attended by Colonel Hardinge, arrived in Portsmouth harbour on Saturday morning, on board her Majesty's yacht *Albatross*, Captain Sir Beresford. The Prince's arrival from Osborne. Prince Christian immediately on the yacht's arrival landed at the dockyard, where he was received by Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, G.C.B., and Rear-Admiral G. G. Wellesley, and accompanied by these officers over the dockyard, visits being paid to the turret ship *Royal Sovereign*, the iron-cased frigate, the clock-making machinery that was set up in the clock workshop so many years since by Brunel, the foundries, smithery, and other points of interest in the yard, and also her Majesty's yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, afloat, and lying at moorings in the harbour. At the conclusion of his visit to the dockyard and harbour Prince Christian partook of luncheon with Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, G.C.B., at the Admiralty-house, in the dockyard, and afterwards re-embarked in the *Albatross*, and returned to Osborne.

Within these few days (says the *Court Journal*) an alteration of the time from the 12th to the 16th of February has been made for the change of residence of the Court from Osborne to Windsor Castle.

It is said that some time during the month of March the Prince of Wales will visit Belvoir Castle, the residence of the Duke of Rutland.

On Tuesday, the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at Sandringham, from Staffordshire.

"THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS."

THE engraving on our first page is from a picture by Gossaert—better known by the name of his birthplace, Mabuse, or Maubeuge, in Hainault—the contemporary of Van Leyden and Albert Durer. "The Adoration of the Kings" is considered the masterpiece of all Flemish painting, and was originally painted for the church of the Abbey of Grammont, and afterwards purchased by Albert and Isabella, governors of the Netherlands, for their private chapel. It was sold at the death of Prince Charles of Lorraine, to whom it had descended, and ultimately came into the possession of Lord Carlisle.

There is no picture in the world (says a writer) combining so much breadth with so much finish as this marvellous work. When we look into its incredibly elaborate manipulation we can readily believe the entry in the abbey records, which states that the painter was seven years at work upon it; and the enormous price for that day of 2,000 golden pistoles was no extravagant remuneration for such labour.

Mabuse had studied in Italy, which he visited between 1503 and 1513, in the train of Philippe de Burgundy, ambassador to Julius II. But, unlike his contemporary, Van Orley, he did not attempt to engraft Italian grace on his Netherlandish stock. He was content to remain essentially Flemish, acquiring, perhaps, from the study of Raphael and his great contemporaries, the art of subordinating the detail, in which he continued to revel, to the general tone and keeping of his composition. In 1524 his patron died, and Mabuse was left to follow his own tastes, which are said to have been of the grossest.

It is difficult to believe that the painter of this wonderful picture was a depraved or a debauched man. A noble and reverent gravity reigns through the whole work. Dilapidated as is the ruin to which the star and chanting angels have led the three Eastern Kings with their trains, a sanctity broods about the divine child and his gentle mother, which has stricken awe into the looks and steps of King Gaspar, King Melchior, and King Balthazar, and which has led their attendants reverently to veil their bonnets before this lowly woman and babe in a roofless shed. Never was profound veneration better rendered than in the grey-headed king, who kneeling proffers to the infant a golden cup filled with barbaric coin. Less intelligent, but not less abiding, is the respect expressed in the face and action of the negro king, who holds in his hands, but protected from their contact by an embroidered napkin, the gorgeous chalice which is his offering. Only in the rustic who have wandered to the outer paling which closes one entrance to the ruin, is there a careless curiosity expressed instead of awe. The shepherds are entering reverently, uncovering their aged heads. King and peasant are levelled in that childish presence. And in the midst sits the meek mother, pondering in all her heart, and wondering and wishing, yet scarce daring to believe. We despair of giving any idea by words of the execution of the details in every part of this picture—in heads and hands, the draperies, brocade, and fur, velvet and silk, jewelled collars, and girdles, gemmed chalices, and chain mail, the weeds that spring in the rifts of the pavement, the bricks of the wall, and the fragments of stonework that strew the ground. It is nothing short of marvellous.

After seeing this picture, we can readily believe the story how the painter—having spent in drink the money given him by the Marquis de Veere, in whose service he then was, to new clothe himself, when Charles V visited his lord's house—painted a canvas suit to the semblance of the most elaborate damask, and was the grandest figure of the fête.

A CORSICAN BANDIT.—A notorious bandit named Peri, who was the terror of the island of Corsica, has lately been shot dead on the territory of Barcola, after a short encounter with a party of gendarmes, in which one of them was unfortunately killed. Peri had already been condemned for homicide to five years' imprisonment, but had escaped from prison. He then got together some men, and revived all the worst traditions of banditism by levying forced contributions on the inhabitants of the districts which he visited.

THE LOSS OF THE LONDON.—Many providential escapes have been recorded. Another has come under our notice. The carpenter of the ship in her two previous voyages learnt on his return home from the second one, that his mother, who resided in the island of Jersey, was just dead. Knowing that his two sisters, who were young and inexperienced, would be in some distress, he immediately determined to visit them and make provision for their comfort. He telegraphed to know if they could keep the dead body of the mother a day or two longer than they had sent word they intended. They telegraphed back, saying this was impossible. Nevertheless for their sake he decided to go. To Captain Martin he applied for leave. Captain Martin said he could grant him leave for a week. A week the carpenter said would not do. He could not perform the journey and spend a day or two looking after his sisters' welfare under a fortnight. "Then," said Captain Martin, "we must leave you behind; we must get another carpenter for the London, and the owners must be his first voyage to sea after serving his apprenticeship as a carpenter on shore, and he was drowned. Gallieshaw went to Jersey, and is safe. We may add that, on the morning the news reached London, Gallieshaw's wife, who lives in Poplar, was completely inundated with sympathizing friends, whose sorrow was turned into joy when they learnt that her husband was sound and well on shore.

COCK LOBS.—PARIS AND LONDON PRIZE MEDALS.—GROSSMITH'S NEW ARTIFICIAL LEG, with patent-action knee and ankle joints, enables the patient to walk, sit, or rise with ease and comfort wherever amputated. It is much lighter and less expensive than the old style of cork leg, will last a lifetime and is the only leg yet invented that ladies and children can wear in safety. It was awarded the highest medals in the London and Paris Exhibitions, and was pronounced by the *Juries* "superior to all others." Grossmith's Artificial Leg, Eye and Hand Manufactory, 175, Fleet-street, Established 1769. London Exhibition Prize Medal, 1861; Paris, 1855; London, 1852; Dublin, 1855.—[Advertisement.]

THE JAMAICA INSURRECTION.

MR. WELLESLEY BEURKE delivered a speech before the prorogation of the Legislative Council in favour of placing Jamaica solely under the British Government. He expressed himself in very bitter terms against Mr. Eyre and his colleagues, and said that the executive of the island had by their actions "dragged the country into the dust and jeopardised its prosperity." This speech had been much commended upon, and appeared to have made a favourable impression all over the island.

The magistracy, clergy, and other inhabitants of the parish of Trelawny have presented an address to Governor Eyre, sympathizing with him in regard to the heavy responsibility, and expressing the greatest pleasure in stating that his excellency "discharged them with so much wisdom, energy, promptitude, and decision of purpose—from no selfish consideration, but under a deep sense, we feel assured, of your excellency's duty to our beloved sovereign, to the loyal inhabitants of this island, and to all its best interests."

To which his excellency made the following reply:—"Mr. Ousey, Reverend Gentlemen, and Gentlemen.—It would at all times afford me sincere pleasure to receive such a gratifying assurance of the good opinion and approval of the numerous and highly respectable and influential gentlemen of Trelawny who have signed the address presented to me by your respected order; nor it seems doubly welcome to me at a time when the acts to which you refer, undertaken from a deep sense of my duty to my sovereign and to the colonists of this island, and with a full and anxious appreciation of the painful responsibility of my position, have been so maliciously misrepresented, and so unjustly maligned by a section of the English press, and by parties at home who have no sympathies with their fellow-countrymen suffering under the atrocious barbarities inflicted by savages, because those savages have a black skin; though they do not hesitate to call the just retribution which overtook the ruthless rebels of St. Thomas-in-the-East by the names of 'murder' and 'massacre.' It was trying enough, gentlemen, to have to encounter the harassing and anxious duty of putting down the rebellion, and taking steps to preserve peace and tranquillity in the other districts of the colony, but it is very hard and most unexpected to have to rebut accusations founded upon exaggeration, misrepresentation, and untruth. I shall have much pleasure in transmitting your address to her Majesty's Government, as a proof that in the island where the actual circumstances ought to be best known, and where the magnitude and imminence of the danger to the entire colony can be best appreciated, that the foul aspersions disseminated by a portion of the English press are unjust and undeserved. I thank you, gentlemen, most gratefully for your loyal address, and for the hearty expression of your willingness to co-operate with me in any measures necessary for the protection of life and property and the peace and welfare of the island at large. On my part I would assure you that I shall ever be ready to do my duty faithfully, and will never shrink from assuming any amount of responsibility which the public safety requires me to undertake."

(Signed) "E. EYRE."

His Excellency Sir Henry Storks was inaugurated Jan. 7, at one o'clock, in Spanish Town, Kingston. After the reading of the commission by Mr. W. B. Myers, secretary to the Executive Committee, the oath was administered by Sir Bryan Edwards, the Chief Justice. At the conclusion of the oath, a salute of seventeen guns was fired by the St. Catherine's Volunteer Artillery, under command of Lieutenant Stewart. Major-General O'Connor, C.B., and the officers of the staff were present.

A guard of honour was in attendance, consisting of a detachment of the 1st West India Regiment, under command of Captain Lake, and the Nos. 1, 2, and 3 companies of the St. Catherine's Volunteers, under command of Lieutenant M. Gibson.

The Kingston Morning Journal, commenting upon the arrival of Sir Henry Storks, says:—

"His excellency is hailed with rapturous enthusiasm by a very large section of her Majesty's subjects in this island, who regard his arrival as their salvation; for, notwithstanding the so-called rebellion was 'headed' and 'crushed' in less than three days after it broke out—notwithstanding there is now no cause for alarm even in the disturbed district, where it would have been natural to suspect that the survivors of those who suffered innocently would become disaffected—notwithstanding the greatest order prevails throughout the country, men were trembling for their lives. No one dared express an opinion contrary to the accepted theories of those who maintain that there was a widespread rebellion throughout the country. This journal, for only republishing the opinions of the British press, was subjected to persecution, and one official, who had a deal to do with the illegal arrests made during martial law, has been shameless enough to express his conviction that before many weeks have passed over the editor will be hanged. When we consider that among the wanton measures passed by the legislature during the last session, there is one giving the governor power to declare martial law with the advice of three members of the Privy Council, and when we recall to mind the unscrupulousness with which power was exercised during martial law, the sanguinary views concerning us expressed by the official referred to caused us to be seriously apprehensive for our safety. We need not say that the arrival of the new governor has dispelled our fears, and that we are now safe against the machinations of those who grow bloodthirsty if even their opinions are differed from. Observing a time-honoured custom on New Year's Day, we made the following address to our readers:—"On the present occasion we may with heartfelt earnestness wish our readers a happy New Year. Through the many years of misgovernment and oppression of the last three or four years in particular, it has ever been our duty, on the recurrence of the auspicious occasion, to repeat the wish, and with it there is always mixed the hope, that in the course of the year to be entered upon we might be relieved of the men who were using their authority as a means of cheating and irritating those over whom they are set to rule. To-day, in again repeating the wish to all of a happy and prosperous New Year, we do so with the trials and troubles of the past still fresh in our recollection, and all will join us in the hope that an event such as that which renders 1866 ever memorable may never again be witnessed in this island. From what over point we view it, whether, as some regard it as only a local outbreak and destined for the avenging of local wrongs, or, as others persist in maintaining, without having any facts to support their position, that it was not only a rebellion but a widespread rebellion—one extending throughout the island and having for its design the extermination of the white people and the establishment of a republic after the manner of Hayti—in whichever light we view it, we say the occurrence is deplorable, for it has led to evils from which the country will not recover for many years to come, and it may yet lead to greater evils of which at present we do not dream. Between the white and the coloured people it has stirred up a feeling which it was hoped and believed had long been estranged, and it has opened the eyes of the latter to the painful truth that between the whites and the blacks they must ever live in continual danger; they have as much to fear from the jealousy and prejudice of the one as they have from the hatred of the other. If the negro succeed in his treasonable design—admitting that there was a design—the destruction of the white people is to complete his programme; if he fail, the white people deem their own measures of repression incomplete if, with all their other excesses, the destruction of coloured people is not included. To state these things we know will be to offend many even among the coloured people, who desire that the question of colour should not be raised under any circumstances; but it has lately been raised by other people, and used by them for the very worst purposes, whilst the facts to which

we refer will be borne out by all who witnessed the excesses committed in the name of justice during the prevalence of the martial law."

The Colonial Standard takes an unfavourable view of the course adopted by her Majesty's Government in sending Governor Eyre, and considers that by this act they have at least given ground for the belief that there is a *prima facie* case against him.

The writer continues:—"The effect of this unjust and unwise proceeding is looked to with great apprehension by the white population, whose existence has been so lately threatened, for although the intelligent will be able to understand the special reasons that are given for such a proceeding, it is certain that the ignorant classes, from whom rebels are recruited, will look upon it as a condemnation of Mr. Eyre; whilst those who have been actually engaged in the bloody work in St. Thomas-in-the-East, and to whose hearts the true nature and object of the riot is known, will more than ever believe in the existence of the blind sympathy for negroes felt by a class of philanthropists in England, under favour of which they may attempt any outrage with impunity. . . . Already the writing of a section of the British press, reproduced in this island and circulated among the negroes, had created a dangerous impression in their minds. These people gathered and expressed the idea from such writings that the 'Queen had given them their rights, and that Governor Eyre was to be tried and hanged.' These convictions on the part of the negroes were practically demonstrated among the small number who heard the news of Sir Henry's arrival, and assembled about the Royal Mail Company's wharf to learn the truth of it. When they had realized the fact the black men shook hands with one another exultingly, and expressed in unequivocal terms their belief of what the arrival of the new governor portended, viz., the approval of the negroes by the Queen and the doom of Mr. Eyre."

SCENES IN PERSIA.

PERSIA, in an archaeological point of view, is not what people suppose it to be. With the exception of the gigantic and magnificent ruins of Persepolis, some vertical columns, a few bas-reliefs carved on the solid rocks, no monuments of a glorious past remain to confirm the traditions of the country. Invasion, time, and the carelessness of men, are not the only causes of this scarcity of monuments anterior to Islamism. The ancient Persians, like the Assyrians their neighbours, and like their direct descendants, were in the habit of using clay bricks, dried in the sun, for the construction of their towns. The discoveries of Place and Layard bear testimony to this. A few buildings devoted to the education of the people, the palace of the sovereign, and the tomb which contains his ashes, are scarcely exceptions to the practice. It is this which explains why so little remains to mark the extent of the vast and wealthy cities of Hages and Ekbatane.

The ruins formerly known in Europe as the "Tomb of Cyrus," although probably subsequent to the Macedonian conquest, is regarded with no ordinary interest in a country where everything was left by man to the cruel ravages of time. Half-way between Shiraz and Isfahan there is an extensive plain of fertile country watered by one of those narrow streams inappropriately called rivers by the Persians. It is the plain of Mourgh, named after what was formerly a town of some importance, but which at the present day is nothing more than a poor village. Several miles south of the town stand two or three columns and pillars covered with cuneiform inscriptions; and further on, partly buried in the earth, lies a broken head surmounted with spiral horns, a symbol of Amalg. This is found in the excavations of Qutub-djig. Among the inhabitants there is a strange tradition on the subject of this pretended tomb of Cyrus. It is, they say, the tomb of the mother of Solomon, whom they represent as a Jewish monarch, who possessed the power of ruling the elements, and who, according to the Mosaic legends, made frequent journeys to the land of Elam. During one of the journeys his mother died; and to testify his love for the people, he left them her venerated remains as a pledge for their future happiness. This tradition is, however, purely local. It is not mentioned in the voluminous commentaries of the Koran; and the inhabitants of Mourgh cannot refer to any authority by way of corroboration.

The traveller, who, on perceiving the traces of the past, meets with a sufficient number of vestiges of the past to doubt that this solitude was once a rich and fertile province peopled from the capital of Persia. The style of the tomb, which is evidently Greek, would warrant the belief that it was destined for one of the victorious generals, but neither bas-relief nor inscription assists the antiquarian in his researches.

Simple as is this tomb, it is not devoid of grandeur. It is composed of six blocks of limestone superposed in the form of steps, on the top of which is placed the sarcophagus. The interior of the tomb is used as a chapel, which has become so venerated, that the Mussulmans themselves are not permitted to enter, the women alone are allowed access. There is a Mussulman cemetery round the monument, and within the wall which encloses it, fragments of columns are discovered, which are doubtless more ancient than the inscriptions with which they are covered.

Horse-racing in Persia is quite as exalted in that country as in our own; but it is a very bad imitation of European racing. The Persian horse, which is taller than the Arabian, has degenerated very little since the days of Cyrus. To an Englishman the great fault of the animal is that it holds its head high, being what the jockeys call an "astronomer;" but it does so to escape the dazzling of the sand, which would soon blind it. It is well known that the ostrich, camel, gazelle, and in fact all animals that exist, whether wild or domestic, in Eastern countries, all keep their heads in the air for the same purpose.

A French writer gives the following anecdote of a race which took place before the King:—"We had not certainly a very high opinion of the Persian horse, and were very anxious to witness the race. We naturally imagined that those horses were chosen from the very best in the country, but they had been exercised so much to bring them down to a racing point, that their bones actually protruded through their skin. The length of the course was twenty-four miles, and in order that the Shah should not have to wait, they had been brought to the starting-post in three divisions, there being but little time allowed between the starting of each. The royal stand was near the winning-post, to give his majesty an opportunity of seeing which horse was the winner in each division, but the distance was so great, that the pace of the horses when they passed his majesty was little better than a hunting gallop. Whatever the Shah may have thought of the race, we did not consider it at all to be compared to a race at Ascot or Chantilly."

SUDDEN DEATH OF A SOLICITOR.—We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Councilor Wright, solicitor of Doncaster, and one of the coroners for the West Riding of Yorkshire. Mr. Wright appeared to be in his usual health up to Friday morning, but whilst reading the newspaper at breakfast he was seized with a sudden attack of illness. Mr. Lister, surgeon, was immediately sent for, but before he could arrive Mr. Wright had a fit and died almost immediately. The sad event has cast quite a gloom over the town, where the deceased gentleman was highly respected by all classes of his fellow-men. He took a very active part in the management of the municipal affairs of the town, and was put in nomination last November for the office of mayor, only losing his election by one vote. He was the hon. secretary of the Sheffield Foundation Committee formed in Doncaster for the relief of the sufferers from that calamity, and always took a lively interest in all objects of a benevolent character.—*Manchester Courier.*

PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

We gather from the German papers the following notices of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the future husband of Princess Helena:—

According to the *Gotha Almanac*, the highest authority on such matters, Prince Christian was born on the 22nd of January, 1811; so that, during his stay at Osborne on the 22nd of January, 1861, he celebrated his birthday. He is second son of Duke Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who is still alive, but who has resigned in favour of his eldest son, Duke Frederik. His early years were spent at the Castle of Augustenburg, in the island of Alsens, where his father possessed large estates, celebrated both for the fertility of their soil and the beauty of their scenery. No cloud, at that time, seemed to overshadow the happiness of the ducal family, and under Dr. Steffens, now professor at the University of Basle, Prince Christian, with his brother and sisters, received a careful education. Danish was spoken in the duke's family almost as much as German, and the young prince soon acquired a mastery not only of these two languages, but likewise of French and English. Political events, which from the year 1840 began to assume great importance in Schleswig-Holstein, were not allowed to interfere with the studies of the young prince, although they had to accompany their father to Schleswig whenever the meetings of the estates required the presence of the duke. In 1848, however, the quiet family circle of Augustenburg was broken up. Prince Christian, though only seventeen years of age, followed the example of his elder brother, and served as a cavalry officer in the campaigns of 1848, 1849, and 1850. In 1852, when the Schleswig-Holstein army was dissolved by Austria and Prussia, Prince Christian had to share the exile of his family. Together with his elder brother he went, in 1852, to the University of Bonn, where he attended chiefly the lectures of Dahlmann and Moritz Arndt. It was here that Prince Christian met the young Prince of Prussia, who has ever since remained his faithful friend. After leaving the University, the two Princes of Schleswig-Holstein travelled for a time in France and Italy. At Rome, in particular, they made a protracted stay, and devoted themselves to a study of Roman antiquities, under the intelligent guidance of Dr. Karl Lottmann, the learned editor of *Vitruvius*. After their return to Germany Prince Christian decided on entering the Prussian army. He first joined a regiment of Cuirassiers, and afterwards the Ulan regiment of the Guards. Like his father, whose stud was one of the most famous in Germany, Prince Christian soon became one of the leading members of the Jockey Club for Northern Germany. He even contributed to a sporting—or, as the Germans call it, a *hipological*—journal, which was published under the title of *The Spur*. In 1864 he again saw active service, and took part in the occupation of the island of Alsens by the Prussians. When Count Bismarck, after defeating at the Conference of London the rights of Duke Frederik, concluded the treaty of Vienna, and disclosed the ulterior objects of Prussia—or, at all events, of his own policy—with regard to the Elbe Duchies, Prince Christian, although more of an officer than a politician, felt it due to his brother, to resign active service. He remained, however, a Prussian officer till the conduct of General Manteuffel, the Prussian governor of Schleswig, towards his elder brother, and the approval of that conduct by the organs of Count Bismarck, left him no choice but to send in his definite resignation. He is therefore no longer in the Prussian service, and, to judge from the remarks of certain official papers, his marriage with an English princess is anything but welcome to those at present in authority at Berlin.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO STAFFORDSHIRE.

The arrival of the royal visitors at the Duke of Sutherland's palace at Staffordshire was attended with demonstrations of such a spontaneous character as the enthusiasm of the people suggested. At the pretty little town of Ekehall, where is the seat of the Bishop of Lichfield, a stoppage of 10 place for a short time to give refreshment to the horses, and loud applause greeted the appearance of the royal party. Flags, evergreen, and floral decorations, triumphal arches, and raised platforms occupied by the beauty and fashion of the district, and crowds of people overflowing with enthusiasm, testified to the kindly feeling entertained towards the Princess of Wales. The Ecclestone and Skour Ridge Corps formed the guard of honour, under the command of Captain Robinson. The bands played, and, although it was market-day, the inhabitants generally gave themselves up to a day's holiday, which terminated with a *soiree* and a ball. In the pleasant park at Trentham the principal entrance was surrounded by a large number of persons, many of whom belonged evidently to the aristocracy of the neighbourhood. They had been congregated from an early hour in the afternoon, and on the arrival of the carriage and four, soon after four o'clock, had the gratification of seeing the princess. The Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Sutherland and a large party, arrived about a quarter of an hour later, and the Staffordshire people gave his royal highness a most hearty reception, which the prince acknowledged.

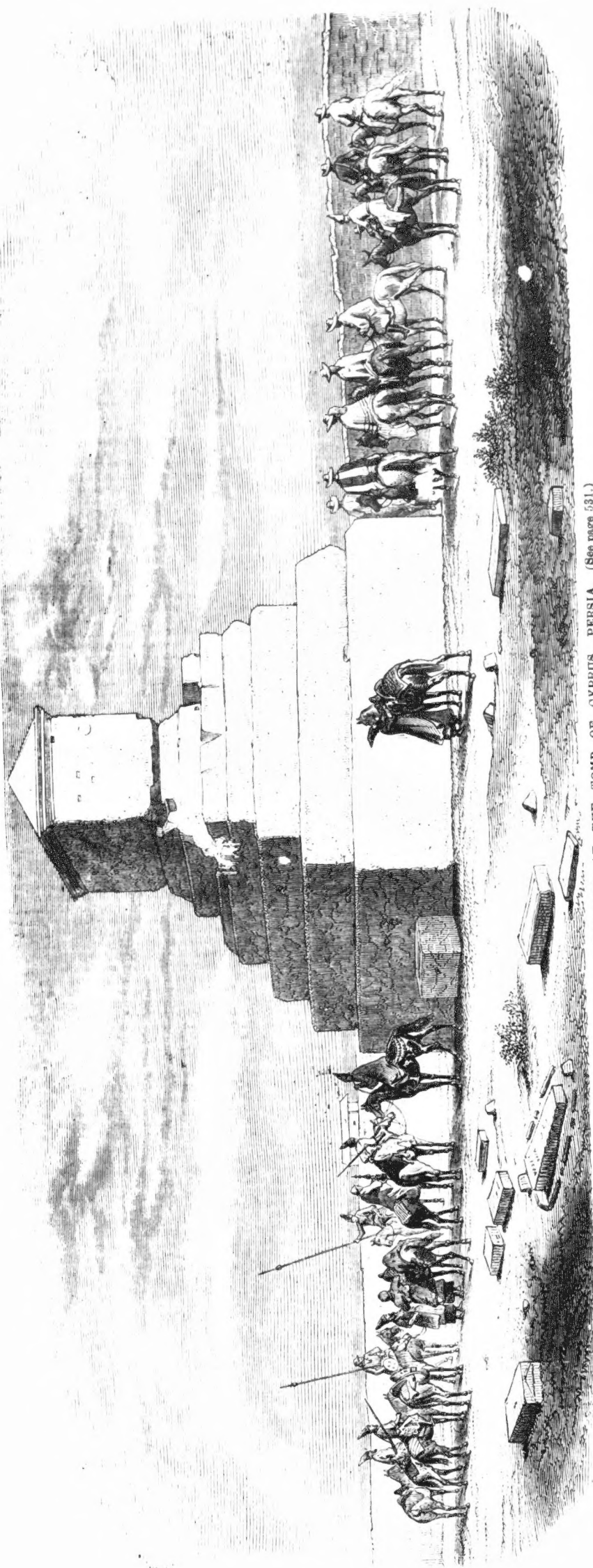
The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland gave a grand ball in the drawing-room in the evening, and, in addition to the royal and distinguished personages named above, about fifty of the neighbouring gentry were invited. Dancing commenced about ten o'clock, to the music of Messrs. Coote and Tinney's band. The ball was opened with a quadrille by the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Sutherland and the Princess of Wales, the Earl of Selson and the Countess Vane, Hon. H. L. Burke and Lady Constance Grosvenor. Supper was served at twelve o'clock, after which dancing was resumed and continued till half-past two.

Next morning there was a special meet of the Nor h Staffordshire foxhounds in the beautiful park. This sport has for the past month been abandoned in this district in consequence of the cattle plague, but it was arranged by Mr. Davenport, the popular master of the hounds, at the request of his grace, to have a special meet, and the news spread rapidly through the Potteries. Long before the appointed hour a numerous field had assembled in the park in front of the Hall. There could not have been fewer than 300 horsemen, many of whom had donned the scarlet, and a great many ladies were present on horseback. The carriage company and pedestrians were in great force.

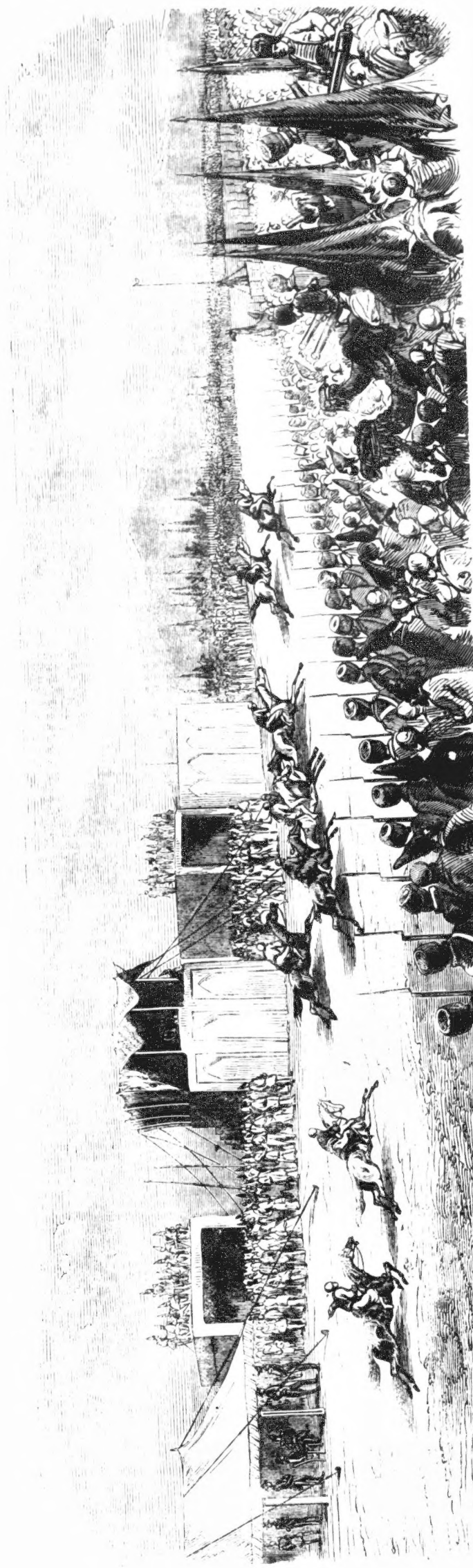
Shortly after twelve a ringing cheer burst forth on the appearance of the Princess of Wales, with his royal highness on one side and the Duke of Sutherland on the other, followed by the rest of the noble guests, most of the ladies being mounted. Their royal highnesses, in response to the cheering, repeatedly bowed. The woods in the park were immediately drawn, and the welkin soon rang with the welcome note of "Gone away!" and away went the whole field in hot pursuit. Master Reynard soon stopped the gallop by giving the hounds the slip, and gaining another tenure of life. Subsequently several short runs were obtained, and one of the foxes gave up his brush.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Major G. H. Grey, the Countess of Morton, Earl and Countess Granville, Earl and Countess Vane, Lord Richard Grosvenor, Lady Constance Grosvenor, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Falmouth, the Earl and Countess of Selson, Lady Cecilia Molyneux, the Earl of Lichfield, &c., attended Divine service on Sunday, at the beautiful parish church adjoining the Hall. The church was filled by at least 500 persons, and large numbers had to be refused admittance. The Rev. Edward James Edwards, M.A., the incumbent, officiated. The service was choral. At the close of the sermon there was an offertory for the poor.

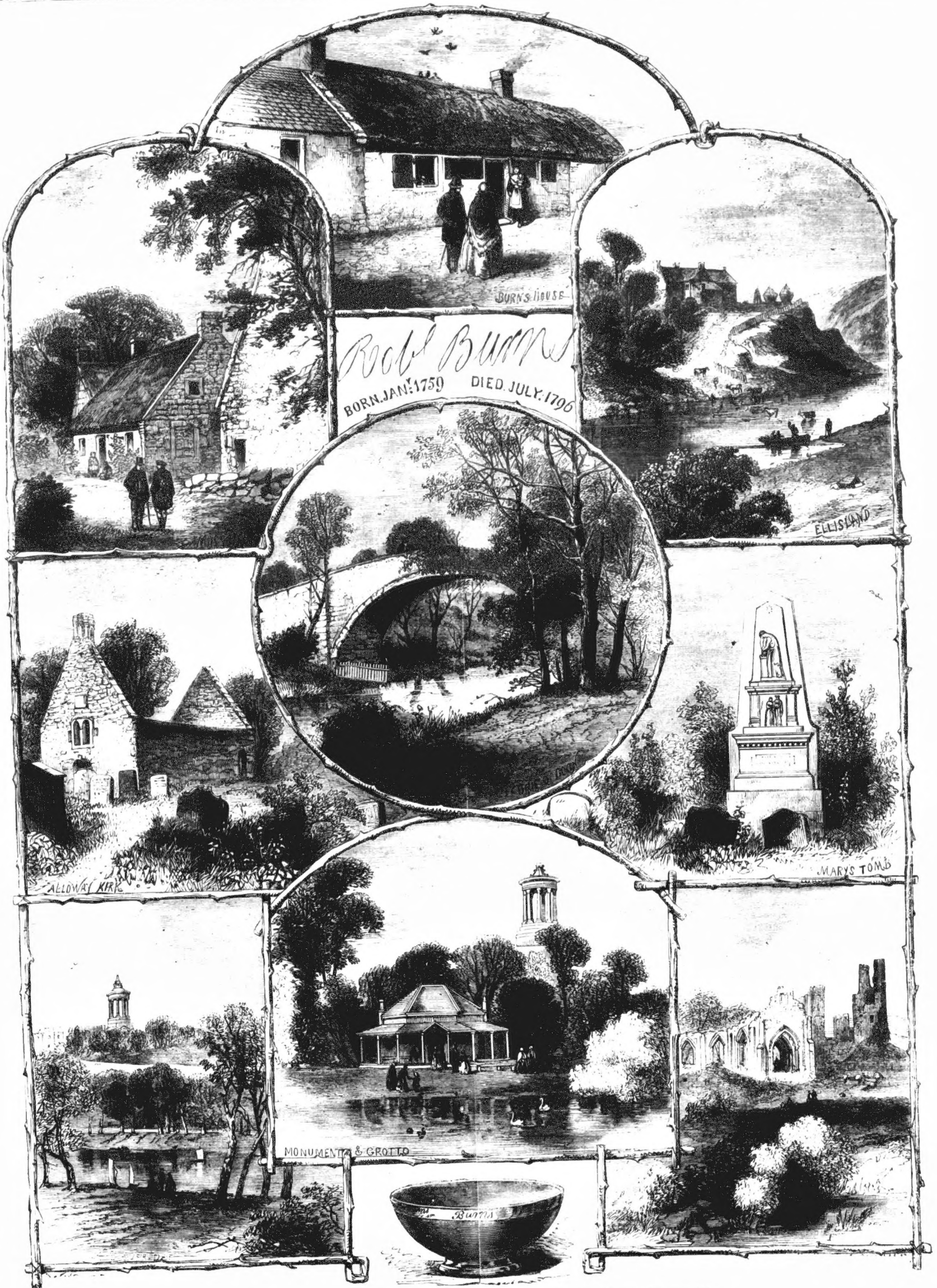
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES has consented to become the patron of the Dorset County Hospital.



HALT OF A CAVALCADE AT THE TOMB OF CYPRUS, PERSIA. (See page 531.)



HORSE RACING NEAR TEHRAN, PERSIA. (See page 531.)



BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY, JANUARY 25TH. (Scenes from the Life of Burns See page 535.)

REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY.

With Illustrations by Eminent Artists.
No. 922, Price One Penny, now publishing, contains:—
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—Chess—Practical Receipts—Notices to Correspondents &c. &c.
London: J. DICKS, 213 Strand.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES		H	W	L	B.
D		A	M	P	M
3	John of Gaunt died, 1392	4	16	4	32
4	Shrove Tuesday	4	51	5	8
5	Order of St. Patrick instituted 1783	5	25	5	43
6	New Blackfriars Bridge commenced, 1861	5	59	6	17
7	Charles Dickens born, 1812	6	35	6	56
8	Execution of Mary Queen of Scots, 1567	7	16	7	89
9	Earthquake in England, 1750	8	8	8	42

Notes on changes.—Last quarter, 7 o, 7h, 39m. p.m.
Sunday Lascaris.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.
Gen. 3; Mark 4. Gen. 6; 1 Cor. 16.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast Days, &c.—3rd, Bezels, an Armenian bishop and martyr
(AD 316); Agatha, a Sicilian virgin and martyr (AD 253)

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS
213, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
News from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single
number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr.
DICKS, or as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's
Subscription is 3s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly re-
quested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-
carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be in-
dicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps
cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

Correspondents sending their questions unanswered will understand
that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our
correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information
themselves.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and
REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom
for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a
quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may
remitt a subscription of 3s. 2d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 213,
Strand.

L. V. (Exeter).—The Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes first sat in
1858.

R. B. T. (The late Mr. G. V. Brooke acted under Mr. E. T. Smith's manage-
ment at Dury Lane.

GEORGE B.—Yes, but the law was in force for only a few weeks, and led to
the Hyde-park riots in the summer of 1855.

N. W. (Bristol).—The British Bankrupts' payment in 1856.

FALLEN.—Mr. Kibben made his first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre
on 28th July, 1837.

ENIGMA.—The distance from the Land's End to Melbourne (11,819 miles).

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE is less than by Cape Horn, the harbours of
both of the isthmus of Panama.

FALLEN.—Yes; the Second Part of "King Henry the Fourth" was repre-
sented at Dury Lane in the summer of 1855, with Mr. Macready
as King Henry, Mr. Dorton as Sir John Falstaff, and Mr. W. Warren as
Shallow. Two additional scenes were introduced, illustrating the King's
conversion.

J. B. (Duckbury).—R. Bert Bickley was hung at the Old Bailey for the
murder of Mr. Gordon in Marshgate, November 15th, 1841.

R. A. (Gulfport).—Prince Hoare, the dramatic writer, died at Brighton in
his 65th year, Dec. 29th, 1834.

JAMES W.—The Metropolitan Railway was opened for public traffic from
Brompton-station, Paddington, to Farringdon-street, on the 10th of
January, 1863.

HARMONY.—Sir Henry Bishop, the composer, died April 30th, 1855, aged
62 years.

G. S. P.—Under circumstances of aggravation, the law of England
renders the infliction of capital punishment for intended murder. An
execution took place at Chester a few years ago under such circum-
stances.

EXOTICISM.—No. Turkeys are natives neither of Europe, Asia, or Africa,
they are natives of America, were at first unknown to the ancients, and
were not brought to England until the year 1622.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

It is one of the compensations of the evils of this terrible Jamaica
tragedy that is finding out some of the least suspected weak points
of our character at home. Last summer nobody would have
believed that there were people here who could read and write,
and dress and dine, going up and down in society, and to external
observation presenting at all points the appearance of Englishmen,
who deliberately approve of hanging accused persons without trial,
and justify the slaughter of a whole population in revenge for a
local outbreak with which it had nothing to do. Yet this is what
a number of writers in our newspapers are doing morning after
morning, anxious apparently to identify themselves with the worst
acts with which Governor Eyre has been charged, without waiting
to see whether he may not be able to show that he neither did nor
sanctioned them. The most extraordinary feature of their conduct
is that they offer their justification of the utter subversion of law in
the name of conservatism. Formerly that honoured name was
associated with jealousy for the institutions of the country and a
determination to transmit them unimpaired; now, by an absurd
perversion, it is invoked to cover acts by which they are
set at naught, and to palliate the fuillades of a burlesque
West India Napoleon. The Conservative party is likely to prove
very obstructive in the coming session to some objects very dear
to us—in particular to the passing of a Reform Bill—and we can-
not be expected to feel very anxious for its maintenance in credit.
Political contentions will run high, and an appeal may have to be
made to the country. Under these circumstances, if the Conserva-
tive leaders should openly adopt the constitutional principles which
are proclaimed day by day by their organs we ought to be the
last to complain. Nothing would please the militant spirits among
our friends better than to meet the enemies of reform at the
hustings, and find their opponents there as the apologists of the
court-martial and the "cat," while the prestige of constitutional
principle was on their side. And yet, perhaps, even then the
thought would intrude itself, that a party victory was dearly
bought by the degradation of a body of men whom we have been
accustomed to respect while combating their prejudices and fears.

The Conservative party is, after all, a great English party, and
until we have the word of Mr. Walpole, Mr. Henley, and the Earl
of Derby for it, we will not believe that it will defend acts which
have for a time, and until they can be disavowed, covered the
English name with dishonour in every part of the civilized world.

It is impossible to avoid being struck with the curious resemblance,
and at the same time no less curious contrast, which subsists
between Spain and the frog in "Esop's Fables." It was silly
enough in the frog to attempt to inflate itself into an equality
with the bull. But if it had seen the bull collapse or explode
in a vain attempt to reach the bulk which so excited the envy
of the frog, it would have been infinitely more silly. Now this
is just an emblem of the preternatural folly of Spain. She has
seen what has come of the attempt of even so mighty a bull
gras as France to interfere in the weak little State of Mexico.
She cannot but know the history of the fruitless efforts which
the greatest maritime and military powers of the old world made to
subjugate two or three millions of revolted American colonists not
a hundred years ago. She has just experienced failure herself in
her attempts upon St. Domingo. She has had the further experience
of the successful revolt of her own insubordinate possessions. And
in spite of all this she seems determined to enter upon a war with
enemies too far off for her arms to reach, but who will be easily able
to crush and paralyse the hand stretched forth to a distance of five
thousand miles to strike them. The rhodomontade of the Spanish
organs, unheeded anywhere but out of the mouth of a Bobadil or
Bombastes Furioso, seems to be answered, according to the
recent news, by a couple of iron-clad men-of-war cruising
in Spanish waters and flying Chilean colours. If this
is really so, and it seems probable enough, they are
most likely on the look out for the reinforcements which
may be expected to be despatched to the Spanish fleet attempting to
blockade the ports of Chili. Spain has already met with a serious
disaster in the capture of the Vergin de Covadonga and some smaller
prizes, and the consequent loss of Admiral Pareja. There is some-
thing very curious in the subsidence of Admiral Pareja and the fury of
the Spanish journals. If a nation, like an individual, could commit
suicide, it seems but natural to suppose that Spain would have
followed the example of her ill-starred admiral. Admiral Pareja
seems to have thought, that while he was bullying and trying to
blockade the Chileans, that they would not attempt to do anything
against him. The same view seems prevalent on the part of Spain
as a nation. If every Spanish admiral or commander who meets
with a reverse is going to commit suicide, the Chileans will soon be
rid of their enemies. The capture of the Vergin seems to be looked
upon not as an incident inevitable in the course of war, but in the
nature of a wrong done by Chili to Spain, as if she had been seized
in time of peace without a declaration of war. But after all, this is
but natural, considering the real nature of the original circumstances
which it pleased Spain to construe into a cause of quarrel. The
conduct of Spain in sending an admiral at the head of a fleet with
so offensive a message to Chili, on the eve of the anniversary of
their independence, was most unjustifiable and outrageous.
It was not a word and a blow, but a blow first and the
word, and a very insolent word too, afterwards. The
fortune of war delivers one of the Spanish men-of-war into
the hands of the Chileans, and this is construed by Spain
as a further injury, and makes their admiral shoot himself.
Nothing can exceed the wrath—we might almost say the ravings
—of Spain at the check that has been sustained. Nor is it Chili
alone upon whom the full panis of this virulence is poured out.
England, France, the United States,—all come in for their share.
These great Powers are told to get out of the way, to stand aside,
and let Spain proceed to crucify her small foe. But it must be con-
fessed that England comes in for the lion's share of abuse, and the
British lion must bear it as he may, even as he has borne the non-
payment of his debts due from Spain. Perhaps this is the secret
why we are singled out for peculiar obprobrium. Spain owes us
an old, long-standing debt, and therefore naturally owes us a
grudge. We are told by the Spanish organs which have been
considered the most moderate that this nation of shopkeepers must
not interfere with Spain in the vindication of her honour. She
seems to want honour very much indeed; and hence the reason
apparently of her determination to fight for it—at least with any
little weak Power against whom she can pick a quarrel. It is an
instance of how a little paltry success, coupled with an equally
little and paltry gain, may make nations like individuals.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—The first opportunity should now be taken
to sow hardy annuals in circles or borders, where they are intended
to flower, covering them lightly, and thinning out when ready.
Sow climbers in heat, or propagate by cuttings. Continue to stick
outtings of dahlias in heat. Make a gentle hot-bed to receive
fresh potted bedding plants. Plant ranunculus, if not already
done, when the ground is sufficiently dry. Pot off well rooted
outtings of calceolarias that were put in during the autumn. Give
anxious a top-dressing of fresh compost, after removing dead
and decaying leaves; also a little increase of water may be given.
Plant evergreens, &c., for hedges. Look well to lawns, grass,
edgings, gravel walks, &c.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Proceed with all speed in preparing ground
for main crops. Fork over ridges and continue treading; destroy
grubs, &c. Sow cabbage on a warm border. Plant out autumn sowing
outings in a favourable situation. Sow broad beans as advised
in our last, and draw earth over advancing crops, whilst those
grown in pots and pans should be gradually hardened off. Give
cucumbers fresh air daily when the weather will permit. Cauli-
flower and lettuce should have a little wood-ashes or sand lightly
sprinkled over them to absorb moisture, and thin out where too
thick, to prevent stem damping off. Sow parsnips, the Hollow
Crown, in shallow drills, about fifteen inches apart from row to
row. Sow peas for a succession crop, selecting Woodford's Green
Harrow, Bedman's Blue Imperial, Flack's Victory, and other early
sorts; also harden off those sown in boxes or pots.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Bring pruning, tying, and training to a con-
clusion as early as possible, as the buds will soon begin to appear.
Clear away superfluous runners and dead leaves from strawberry
beds. Get ready cuttings of superior sorts of apples and pears for
grafting. Keep them with their cut ends in damp soil, in a cool
situation. Look to fig trees, and prune and train all requiring
such treatment.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY

"Nothing so difficult as a beginning, except, perhaps, it be the
end," was said by a great authority, and the apophthegm holds
mightily true in that curious little world called "The Turf." When
a great handicap is first published all the learned in "weights," and
in the "measure" of the several horses engaged, put on their wisest
caps and after due study and comparing of notes, each individually
fancies he has discovered an easy road to wealth by "spotting" the
winner. But when next he meets his fellows, each of whom is
equally skilled in the analyst's art, his confidence slowly ebbs away,
and his self-conceit is nowhere. Hence the difficulty in which the
backer finds himself when making a start in the betting. Such
was the state of things we recognised at Tattersall's on Monday
afternoon, especially as regards the Chester Cup, upon which,
though several animals were named, there was little or no dispo-
sition to speculate, the only venture being confined to The Ozer,
who was supported to a small amount. The Grand National, how-
ever, produced some show of betting, two somewhat "warm"
favourites being made in Creole and Mistake, each of whom was
in request at 20 to 1. Accident, a horse that once caused
no little amount of sensational scandal in connexion with
the Chester Cup, made his bow on Monday as a candidate for
steep-chase honours. The gentleman who took the thing
in hand effected one or two small outlays on the quiet, but
the gratulations information that it was only an "accidental com-
mission" opened men's eyes, and layers declined to operate at any-
thing over 25 to 1, at which, however, he was backed to win about
£1,000. The feature of the Two Thousand was the remarkable
firmness of Lord Lyon, a circumstance which was owing as much
perhaps to the retrogression of Mr. Merry's horse as to a renewal
of confidence in the Criterion winner himself. Mr. Sutton's horse
was supported for at least £300 at 3 to 1, while, at half a point
more, Student did not command more than half that amount.
Baron Rothschild's colt came with a great rush, 10 to 1 having been
accepted kindly to money, and just as the room was about to close
12 to 1 was backed to some money about Auguste, after ineffectual
pleadings for 15 to 1. Although Lord Lyon's improved position
had its effect in the Derby betting, it had not the slightest influence
upon the favourite; on the contrary, the Duke of Beaufort's colt
came to 100 to 15, at which he met with substantial support,
while 15 to 2 was easily obtainable about "the Lyon." Endless
chaff was indulged in about Student, who was playfully dubbed
"Chattanooga the Second" by a quondam retainer of the Bursley
stable, while, at the same time, with, however, no signs of a response.
The remainder of the business done will be fully detailed in the
subjoined list of closing prices, the only exception necessary to par-
ticularise being that, after 1000 to 15 was sought for in vain about
Sir Joseph Hawley's "Cardinal," his fond admirers were finally
content with 50 to 1:—

LIVERPOOL STEEP-CHASE.—20 to 1 agst Baron Von Grooyten's
Mistake, 6 yrs. 10st 9in (c); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Wellitt's Creole, aged,
10st 10lb (c); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Halford's Accident, 6 yrs 10st 10lb
(c).

CHESTER CUP.—40 to 1 agst Mr. H. Johnson as The Ozer, 3 yrs,
5st 5lb (c).

TWO THOUSAND.—3 to 1 agst Mr. R. Sutton's Lord Lyon (t);
7 to 2 agst Mr. Merry's Student (c); 10 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's
Janitor (c); 12 to 1 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Auguste (c).

THE DERBY.—100 to 15 agst Duke of Beaufort's Rustic (c); 15 to
2 agst Mr. R. Sutton's Lord Lyon (c); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's
Student (t and off); 100 to 6 agst Lord St. Vincent's Redou (off, t
20 to 1); 20 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's Janitor (c); 20 to 1 agst
Count F. de Lagrange's Auguste (c); 50 to 1 agst Sir Joseph
Hawley's Wolsey (c); 2000 to 25 agst Mr. G. Bryan's Lauret (c).

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT A MESMERIC ENTER-
TAINMENT.

An extraordinary scene took place at a mesmeric entertainment
held in the assembly room in the quiet and picturesquely situated
town of Carmarthen, where the editor of one of the local papers
was brought to feel the power of mesmerism in a way he little ex-
pected. Miss Poole, a well-known lecturer on electro-biology and
mesmerism, had been lecturing and performing to crowded audiences
at the above room during the week, and on Friday, being the day
the local papers are issued, one of them contained the following
paragraph:—

"MESMERISM.—This science is too dry to go down the throats
even of the lower classes without a bit of fat in the shape of gifts
and prizes. Miss Poole has been experimenting here this week
with good pecuniary success, the bait taking remarkably well.
The lady, for aught we know, may be an accomplished electro-
biologist; but we have no hesitation in saying that her 'subjects'
were wide awake when they were supposed to be in the embrace
of a god more powerful than Somnus and Morpheus combined. If
Miss Poole desires this, will she allow the writer to apply a very
simple test to her subjects after she has had them under her con-
trol? This would be the means of convicting or of undeceiving
the public."

On that evening Miss Poole commented upon the above critique,
and took a copy of the Reporter from her pocket and tore it into
shreds before the audience. She then had several young men of the
town upon the platform, who volunteered to be mesmerised; and the
whole of them, with few exceptions, were experimented upon
with success, and appeared to be completely at her bidding. While
this was going on the editor of the above newspaper entered the
room, and, being recognised by the doorkeeper, was ordered out;
but he refused to leave. The doorkeeper then appealed to Miss
Poole if he should send for a policeman to turn him out, and she
replied, "Let him alone; I have policemen of my own. We will
have some fun directly." And addressing about eight of the young
men on whom she had been operating, but who were then ap-
parently awake, she said, "There is a person in this audience whom
I want you to bring upon this platform; go and fetch him." At
this command the whole of them bounded off the platform, and
ran towards the individual referred to, who was pointed out to
them by the doorkeeper, and they laid hold of him and carried him
by main force to the platform, the audience cheering and laughing
heartily, little anticipating what would follow. But matters soon
took a serious turn; for as soon as he was brought near the plat-
form, Miss Poole, whose coolness and self-possession had evidently
deserved her, seized hold of him by the hair of his head and dragged
him upon the platform, the young men still keeping fast hold of
him, and there he lay for a few moments, with the enraged lady
pulling his hair in a furious manner, the audience yelling and
hooting at her; but their yells and hoots she heeded not. The
editor at last raised his feet, but his revenge still clung tena-
ciously to him till some parties in the audience came to his rescue.
The confusion was now intense, and amidst the hissings and hoot-
ings of the audience Miss Poole proceeded with her performance.

Summonses have been issued against Miss Poole and her
coadjutors who joined in the affray. The affair has created quite
a sensation throughout the town, the gentleman attacked being
highly respected by all classes.

VERY COMFORTABLE.—Persons can now have Teeth to replace those
lost, so that they cannot perceive any difference. Mr. Edward A. Jones,
the Dentist, of 119, Strand, and 55, Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park, has just
exhibited a new system, with a soft elastic gum, so that the roots and loose
teeth can be covered and protected. No springs are used and there is no
pain.—[Advertisement.]

SHOCKING SUICIDE BY FOREIGNERS.

NINE weeks ago a French gentleman applied for furnished apartments at No. 2, Norfolk-road, Paddington, stating that he and his mother desired the drawing-room floor and a bedroom. He added that he was a French nobleman, and that from political causes he had been compelled to leave France. The landlady of the house, Mrs. Connor, asked for references, which were given, and which comprised the names of some of the high dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church. The inquiries having proved satisfactory, the apartments were let at 25s. per week. Several weeks elapsed, and no rent was paid. The landlady then discovered that the Frenchman and his mother were starving, although they were in the habit of constantly receiving visitors, most of whom came in their carriages. Last week Mrs. Connor gave her lodgers notice to quit. The gentleman asked her the latest hour they could be allowed to remain, and he was told that he and his mother might stop until eight o'clock on the Thursday evening. He then informed his landlady that on the day in question he should be certain to receive some money from France through his friend, the French consul in London, when he would pay her for all rent due. In the interim, he wrote a great many letters, but he received very few in return. At half-past eight o'clock on the Thursday night, Mrs. Connor went up stairs to ask why her lodgers had not left, and on knocking several times at the door and receiving no answer, she concluded they had gone to bed; but as she was going down stairs the old lady came out of the room and said it would be all right on the following morning. At ten o'clock on Friday morning Mrs. Connor again went to the door of the rooms occupied by her lodgers, and, after knocking for several minutes and receiving no answer, she became alarmed and sent for the police. Sergeant Hawtree, I. X., was speedily on the spot, and he entered the room by the back window. From what he saw he sent for Inspector Egleton, X division, and they found the Frenchman and his mother hanging by cords from the opposite ends of the window cornice roller, and both of them quite dead. The Frenchman was suspended by a piece of window cord, and the mother had hung herself with a small rope pulled from the bed-sacking. There were indications that, after the corpses were affixed, both mother and son stood on a high foot-stool at the centre of the window, and threw themselves off simultaneously. The end of the cornice-pole from which the mother hung had broken, the consequence of which was that the feet of both parties touched the ground; but so determined were they to commit suicide that both of them had drawn up their legs, and thus effected their purpose. The inspector at once sent for Mr. J. S. Peale, of Portico-road, the police surgeon for the X division, who said he had been extinct for several hours. On a sofa near the window was found on one end the Frenchman's coat, cravat, and collar, and on the other end the woman's cap and neck ribbon; and on an adjacent table were several articles of jewellery (evidently heirlooms) and letters from various persons, English and French; close to where they lay were two sheets marked with ink in large letters: one was marked "This for myself," the other, "This for my mother." On the table was found the following letter:—"Mrs. Connor, you are a Christian and a Catholic, therefore you will know how to fulfil the last prayers of a dying woman, and that it is a holy duty. My beloved son and myself are just going to die,—we ask from you to look over us, and see that our dress is not taken from us, and that my son's false leg (the son wore a cork leg) be not taken from him. I have prepared two pieces of bed sheets, and I wish you to be wrapped in them, all dressed. I also wish you to take care we are both placed in the same grave. My beloved son has struggled against his enemies with a courage that a good conscience alone can give. We have suffered a great many humiliations and privations, and we have been consenting to bear such suffering so long as our religious feelings would permit us. God does know our thoughts and consciences. He will forgive us; we shall pray Him for you, for what you saw not; do by yourself what I ask from you—take care that it is done; I thank you for your kindness to us in our misfortune, and I regret the trouble we are giving you now, but I wished to die here. I leave to you like a reward eight cards (pawbrokers' duplicates) of very good clothes. They are in for £8, their value is indeed thirty guineas. I had not the means to give something to the man who has rendered to us some service, and who in this last moment will have something to do—I leave him all the clothes of my son; I speak of what I give to you because I am persuaded that . . . I do not know; but I think our property in your house has been a security for our expenses up to this time. You may have the two hats of my son, but burn all which you consider should be thrown away. For a long time I have seen my son suffering and slowly dying; God only knoweth all the torments of my soul. I pray you again to do all that,—God will bless you.—A. DE CALVINE." Close to the man's body was the following letter:—"I should be obliged that the woman up stairs arrange out two bodies, and give her what she likes. There is other linen in the wardrobe, if wanted. Everything we have on us is very old. I leave a great deal of old linen dirty. I leave eight coats and a lot of other clothes. My mother dear asks that our faces be covered with linen. I leave 6s. We have suffered very much, and I trust, Mrs. Connor, you will do as my mother requests.—F. DE CALVINE." Other letters went to show that the son was thirty-five, and his mother seventy.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.—The village of Soyecourt, near Chaulnes, France, has just been the scene of a terrible tragedy. Three mornings since the juge-de-peace of Chaulnes received a letter from M. Morel, a gentleman of some property residing at Soyecourt, requesting him to come and take legal cognizance of the death of his mother-in-law, Madame Caron, and of her man-servant, Franconme. The magistrate, on arriving at the house, accompanied by a gendarme, found Madame Caron and the servant lying dead in the kitchen, having both been shot through the head. From the appearance of the bodies it was evident that no struggle had taken place. M. Morel then made the following statement:—"Ever since my marriage, two years since, I have lived with my wife's parents; but we kept separate establishments solely on account of the servant Franconme, who, having been twenty-eight years in the family, commanded as master, had an improper connexion with my mother-in-law, and ill-treated my father-in-law, an old man of eighty, now in his dotage. I yesterday went to my mother-in-law's apartment and remonstrated with her for not having paid the harvestmen, as arranged between us. Soon after she went into the kitchen, and I heard Franconme advising her to sell her corn, and take no notice of what I might say. He also spoke most disrespectfully of me and my wife. Indignant at his language, I went in and threatened to turn him out of doors. He immediately seized a gun and menaced to shoot me. Greatly irritated by this, I ran to my own apartment for my fowling-piece, and on my re-entering the kitchen Franconme raised his gun, as if to shoot me. I then pointed mine at him, and by some fatality it went off, and he fell, his gun at the same time going off and killing my mother-in-law. That is all the explanation I can give." M. Morel was at once taken into custody and lodged in prison at Peronne, awaiting the issue of an investigation which has been instituted. Certain facts seem to indicate that M. Morel's account is true, as the shot found in the bodies of the two deceased are different, and only one barrel of M. Morel's gun had been discharged.

DR. HARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH RESTORING INVALID AND INFANT'S FOOD, the Revalenta Arabica, yields to the nourishment of the best meat, and cures, without medicine or inconvenience, Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburn, Nerves, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures annually. Dr. Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London, W. In tins, at 1s. 11d.; 1lb., 2s. 9d.; 12lbs., 22s.; 24lbs., 40s. At all grocers. [Advertisement.]

SHOCKING SUICIDE OF A GENTLEMAN AT DATOBET.

On Monday, Mr. P. Charsley, coroner for Bucks, held an inquest at the Horse and Groom Inn, Datchet, on the body of Mr. Edward Isaacson, aged fifty-three years, who was found dead in his bedroom on Sunday night.

The jury having been sworn, proceeded to the rectory house, the residence of the deceased, in order to view the body, and the following evidence was taken.

Mr. Joseph Rogers, solicitor, said: He was at the house on a visit on Sunday. Deceased was expected to return on Saturday, and came home about nine o'clock. He seemed very peculiar in his manner, and witness thought him very ill. Witness was with him from nine to twelve on Saturday night, but did not know where he had been. He saw him again on Sunday and had some conversation with him privately. He dined with deceased after five o'clock. Deceased had been sleeping during the afternoon in the dining-room, and when he awoke asked if they had dined. He appeared much confused, but afterwards sat down with them, but ate very little, though he took some sherry. After dinner he attended to a little dog, and rubbed some ointment into his back. He complained of his head, and said that he felt as if one part of his head was at the window and the other at the door. After rubbing on the ointment he said he would go and wash his hands. That was between seven and eight o'clock. He then left the room and went up stairs. Mrs. and Miss Isaacson went up to him, and the latter came down and took a glass of sherry and witness followed her, but she objected. He wished to go, as he thought there was something peculiar. The ladies had then left the room, and he (witness) alone, with Miss Isaacson, came down. After some time they heard a noise overhead—a sort of crash—but not loud. They did not take any particular notice at the time, but afterwards heard the noise renewed in the room for a few minutes, when witness went to his bedroom, and then Miss Isaacson called him. He rushed into Mr. Isaacson's bedroom, and saw deceased sitting in an easy-chair perfectly still. There was a white-looking fluid about his mouth. Witness rubbed his hands, thinking he had fainted, as he had not observed any wound. He sent for a doctor, and just at that time Mr. Goldsmith came in, when the wound was perceived in his head. He did not see the pistol for some time afterwards. Had never heard him threaten to destroy himself, and did not know if he were in any particular difficulties. The deceased was totally changed in his manner, and looked very ill.

Mr. William Goldsmith, North Devon-grove, Fulham, member of the Stock Exchange, stated that he had heard deceased complain of pains in the back of the head frequently. Witness was in his company on Saturday. On Sunday, when he returned about a quarter to eight, Miss Isaacson requested him to go up to her father, as she said he was very ill. Witness attempted to lift deceased up, and then his or Mrs. Isaacson's foot struck against a pistol under the chair. Mrs. Oshley picked it up. The moment he saw the pistol he looked at deceased's mouth and then at his temple, where he found a wound. There was little blood, but the orifice was burnt all round. Witness sent for a doctor at once, and Mr. Eton arrived. Never heard deceased threaten to destroy himself. During the past few days deceased had changed very much. Witness knew nothing of the pistol, which was a revolver. Five chambers were loaded, and one had been discharged.

Mr. Rogers, recalled, said deceased had been drinking sherry freely all day, but was not intoxicated.

Sarah Hughes said she was housemaid at the rectory, where she had been two years. Her master had often said how "poorly" his head was, when he was advised to have a cup of tea. She had never seen the pistol.

Dr. E. W. Eton, surgeon, of Windsor, stated that he was called a little after eight o'clock on Sunday night, and found the deceased sitting in an easy chair in his bedroom, legs extended, right hand dropped, and a pistol mark on the right temple, as if burnt by powder. He was dead, but warm. A pistol was produced of a character to correspond with the wound, and he had no doubt that with that instrument the death was caused. He could form a conclusion that the disease of the brain had been of some standing, and was calculated to produce temporary insanity.

After consultation the jury returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity."

UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT TO TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Two fine little girls, children of parents residing in Dufkinfield, near Ashton-under-Lyne, disappeared from their home about half-past two o'clock on Friday afternoon week, and were not found until half-past ten o'clock on Sunday morning, having all the time been shut up in an empty house without food or drink. The two girls, neither of whom is three years of age, are named Lucy Carter, daughter of Herbert Carter, a card-room hand of King-street, Dufkinfield, and Sarah Stafford, daughter of Henry Stafford, at present in America, and are nursed, whilst their respective mothers are working at the mill, by Alice Stafford, of Leech-street, Dufkinfield, aunt to the child Stafford. About half-past two o'clock on Friday week the children left Mrs. Stafford's house hand in hand, Sarah saying, as they left the door, "Come, Lucy, let us go and play at bab (baby) house;" and from that time nothing was heard of them until Sunday morning. The parents of the poor children suffered the greatest anxiety, and not less were the sufferings of the nurse. The bellman was sent round and the river and the canal were dragged, whilst the mysterious disappearance of the children was the general theme of conversation. In Dufkinfield, near Mrs. Stafford's house, there are several cottage houses which have been uninhabited since the "cotton famine," and about half-past ten o'clock on Sunday morning a lad, named William Priestley, in passing one of these houses, had his attention attracted by hearing a slight knock at one of the front windows. On listening, he heard children crying. He gave an alarm immediately, when the afflicted nurse quickly entered the house, and on going into the front room up stairs she found the little things lying on the cold, hard, dirty boards, but though in a very exhausted state, they were able to reply to the words, "Alice, let me drink." As soon as possible they were attended by Mr. Schofield, surgeon, and with judicious care and proper remedies they were enabled to stand and talk in a few hours. The girl Stafford, in her artless way, thus fully described how she and her companion became shut up in the room:—"We shut the door and we could not open it, but Lucy broke a window." This, however, had not attracted attention, and if the lad Priestley had not been attracted to the house these poor babes must have perished. When rescued they were in a most filthy state, covered with dirt and soot, and it is believed that they had even licked the soot in order to allay the craving of hunger. The nurse had searched the house in which they were found, but not thoroughly, as on seeing the room-door shut, she concluded that they had not got into it.

EXCELSIOR PRIZE MEDAL FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Whight and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. Manufacture, Ipswich. [Advertisement.]

A COUGH, COLD, OR AN IRRITATED THROAT, if allowed to progress, results in serious Palmonary and Bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES reach directly the affected parts and give almost instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH they are beneficial. They have gained a great reputation in America, and are now sold by all respectable medicine dealers in this country at 1s. 11d. per box. [Advertisement.]

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF BURNS.

THE anniversary of the birth of Scotland's national poet affords us an opportunity of giving a series of scenes and sketches from the life and writings of the illustrious bard. These will be found on pages 533, 566, and 567. We extract the following brief memoir of the poet, from No. 65 of BOW BELLS:—

Robert Burns was born January 25th, 1759, the eldest child of William and Agnes Burns, or Burness, as they were accustomed to spell the name. His father, bluish and gardener of a count-v gentleman, rented a few acres of land, on which he had built a small house of clay and straw. It stood by the roadside, a Scotch mile and a half from the town of Ayr, and near the famous Alloway Kirk. Robert was sent to school before his sixth year, and soon found a zealous instructor in John Murdoch, who was chosen, a few months afterwards, to replace the former teacher. We are told by Gilbert Burns, that his brother greatly benefited by the lessons in grammar, and became "remarkable for the fluency and correctness of his expressions." He read the few books that came in his way with much pleasure and improvement. Murdoch's library was not rich, but it contained a "Life of Hannibal," which gave to the ideas of Burns such a military turn, that he used to strut up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipes, and wish himself tall enough to be a soldier. The warlike ardour was heightened, when, later in youth, he borrowed the story of Wallace from the blacksmith, and walked half a dozen miles, on a summer day, "to pay his respects to Legh-in Wood, with as much devout enthusiasm as ever pilgrim did to Loretto."

Burns tells us, in his delightful "Confessions":—"In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cat-traps, ghosts, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors."

During his boyhood, William Burns, the father, ventured on a larger farm. He is represented as being a well-informed and thoughtful man, and turned the lonely life of his children to good account. In the winter evenings he taught arithmetic and geography to the boys.

On the farm Robert was the principal labourer, Gilbert driving the plough, and helping him to thresh the corn. The food of the hermit was indoors, as well as the glow, butcher's meat being quite unknown. In this dreary manner Burns reached his sixteenth year, toiling and sad-hearted, until in the harvest-field love found him. He relates his first passion:—"You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a bonnie, sweet, sunshiny lass. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, glum-horse prudence, and bonyard philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart spring thrill like an Aeolian harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious rattle when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettles and thistles."

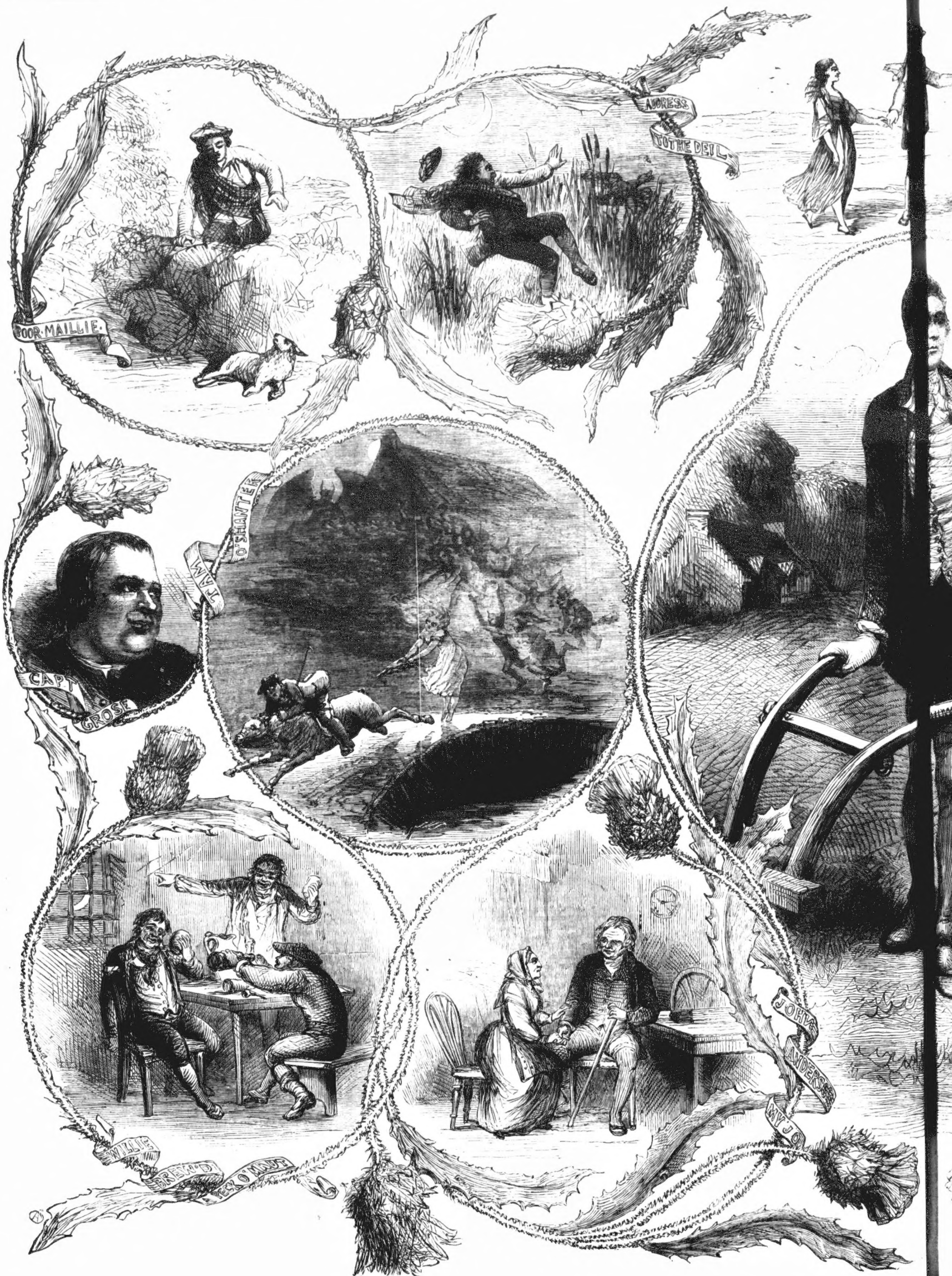
At the end of six years, the father removed to a larger and better farm; but got involved in law, and had not death stepped in, the old man would have been taken to gaol. This was in 1784. Robert had tried flax-dressing, but a fire destroyed his stock. He then, in conjunction with his brother, took to farming again. His share of the business was only seven pounds per annum, but so great was his temperance and frugality, that during the four years' occupation of the farm, he never exceeded his slender income; but he did something else. He again fell in love. This was with Jean Armour, the daughter of a master stonemason. A Scotch marriage was the result; simply a written promise by Burns to Jean, which the Scottish law accepts as legal evidence of an "irregular" union. This was to be kept a secret till the last moment. The discovery infuriated the father, and he determined to drive Robert from the country, and caused the written document to be destroyed, on purpose to ignore the marriage. Under these afflictive circumstances, twins were born to our then, humble poet, and a charge was made upon him for their maintenance. The object of the father was now almost accomplished, for Burns accepted a situation to go out to the West Indian plantations. To raise his passage-money, he thought of his poems. These had grown up silently and sweetly while labouring at the farm, and included his "Ode to a Saturday Night," "The Vision," "The Daisy Under the Plough," and many others. That these poems, when published, delighted and surprised the world, need not be recorded here. In a few months, Burns returned to his home rich in fame, if not in wealth.

It was about this period that he fell in love with Mary Campbell, the dairymaid of Colonel Montgomery, and the "Highland Mary" of his poem. He had previously been declared a bachelor in the parish kirk. Her early death, and the parting of the two, has been touchingly given by Burns himself.

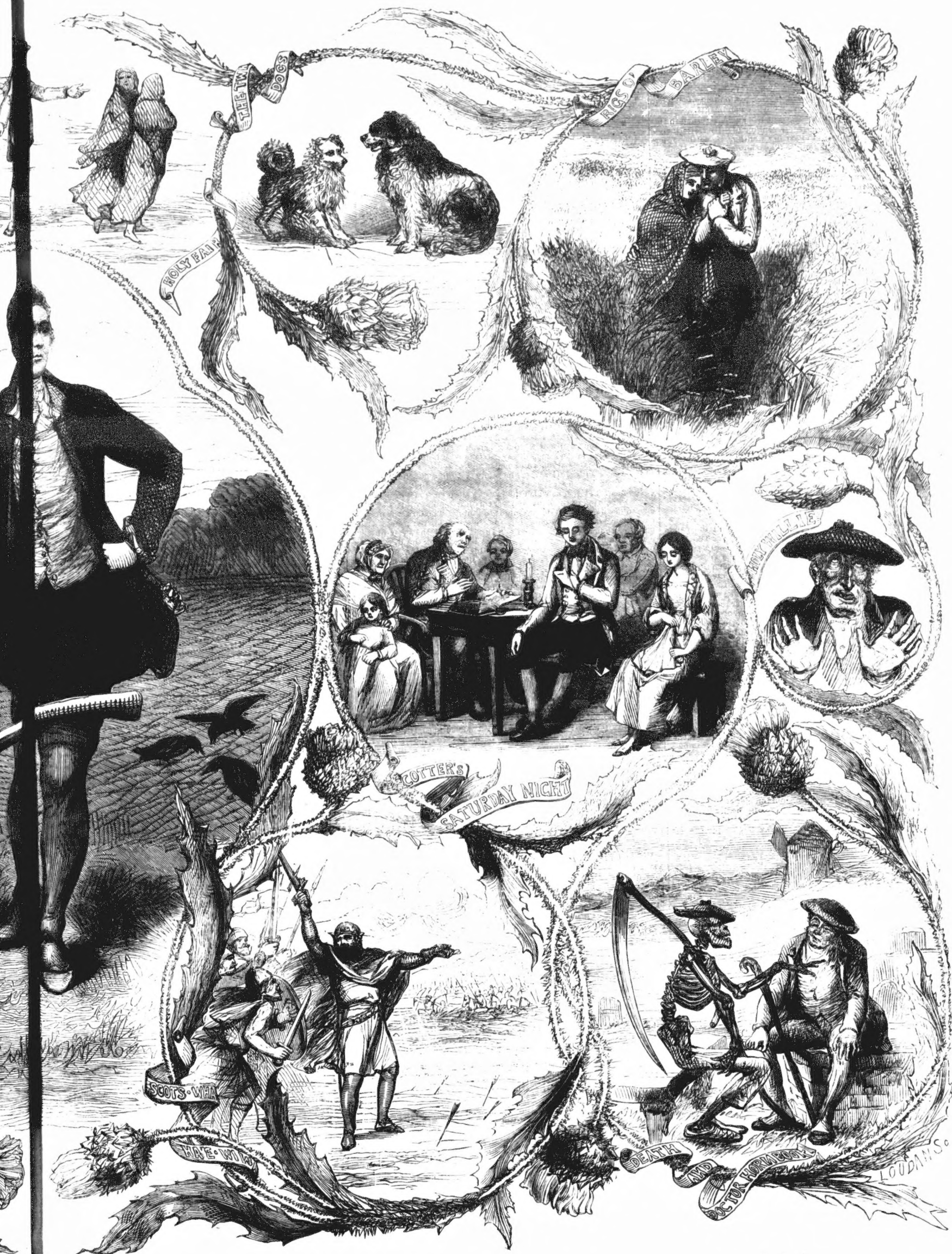
A second edition of his poems brought him sufficient to purchase the farm at Ellisland, near Dumfries, where he married his "Bonnie Jean"—the Jean Armour previously alluded to. He soon after obtained a situation in the Excise, at seventy pounds per annum. He died at Dumfries, on the 21st of July, 1796, aged thirty-seven years and about six months.

Of the engravings which we this week publish, the larger one, illustrative of scenes in Burns's songs, needs no description. The scenes in the other page we may thus describe briefly. The upper engraving represents the cottage in which the poet was born. Lower to the left, we have Burns's farm of Mossgiel. Below that, Alloway Kirk; then the poet's monument on the banks of the Doon, the grotto, and his punch-bowl. Proceeding upward, we have Lindisden Abbey, a favourite resort of Burns during his residence at Dumfries; the tomb of his Highland Mary at Greenock; the poet's farm at Ellisland; and lastly, there is the centre picture, representing the famous Brig o' Doon.

LUNATICS MURDERING THEIR KEEPERS.—A terrible scene occurred a few days since in the lunatic asylum of St. Pierre, at Marseilles. Three patients in a state of furious madness determined to murder their attendants. To effect their purpose they wrenched away some iron bars placed round a stove, and with them fell on the first wardman they saw and beat him about the head till he expired. Another keeper, hearing his companion's cries, came to see what was the matter, and was immediately attacked and likewise killed. The three madmen then took the keys from the pockets of their victims and entered the adjoining wards to murder the other attendants, but taking no notice of the patients. The wardmen, however, escaped, and stopped the progress of the madmen by fastening the door on the outside. Meanwhile the whole establishment was alarmed, and the officials, after a desperate resistance, succeeded in overpowering the three murderers, without receiving any serious injury.



BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY.—PORTRAIT OF BURNS.—SKETCH



Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN—The magnificent scenery and the vigorous acting of the Paynes and other performers in the pantomime of "Aladdin" at this house continues to draw crowded and fashionable audiences.

DRURY LANE—Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Hermann Vezin, as Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, in "The Jealous Wife," are received nightly with the utmost applause. With the admirable acting of the other performers, the comedy is really a capital introduction to the luxury and magnificence displayed in the pantomime of "King Pippin," which still continues to draw crowded audiences.

SAULERS WELLS—Miss Marriott has again returned to the scene of her former triumphs. Her reception nightly testifies how young her many patrons are to hear her well-known voice ringing through this time-honoured house. The pantomime of "Cock-a-doodle-doo" still runs merrily on.

VICTORIA—A new nautical three-act drama, entitled "Heart of Oak," has been produced here with considerable success. It is, however, merely the medium for the introduction of some good scenic effects, and the death of Nelson affords an opportunity of embodying the celebrated picture. The plot mainly turns upon the villainy of one Lionel D'Arcy (Mr. J. C. Levey), the son of an old clerk in the service of Mr. Douglas (Mr. R. Marchant), the latter of whom has another clerk, Edward Godfrey (Mr. F. Thomas), who is secretly married to his daughter Mary (Miss Estelle De Vigne). Edward is the adopted son of an old sailor, Joe Bantline (Mr. J. Howard), his father having died at sea, and D'Arcy, nettled by the attentions paid by Mary to Edward, determines to destroy the reputation of the latter, which he effects by forging cheques in the name of Mr. Douglas, that he induces his father to place in the desk of his rival. Of course Edward is accused of the fraud, and it is only by the timely avowal that he is the husband of Mary that he is saved from prison. He goes to sea in the Victory, and in the meantime the elder D'Arcy (Mr. Bradshaw) robs his employer, and hastens with his son on board a French vessel, which is taken by one of the English fleet, the rascals being lodged in the same vessel in which Edward has sailed with a companion, Ben Mizen (Mr. Forrester). The villain and his victim thus meet, but during the celebrated action of Trafalgar both the D'Arcys escape and return to Spithead, determining that Mary shall accompany them in a second attempt to get to France. Ben and Edward are reported dead, but they re-appear at the right time, and matters of course end as they should. The D'Arcys are traced by Edward to a house, where they recover the money stolen from Mr. Douglas, who has become poor, blind, and almost helpless, and by misadventure the elder D'Arcy shoots the younger just as he is rushing to his assistance. Such is the gist of the plot. Mr. Forrester and Mr. Thomas proved themselves good sailors of the old stage type, and the first-act scene was heartily applauded whenever he made a point respecting Nelson and his gallant deeds. He sang an old sea-song and danced a hornpipe in a supposed "crimping" house, and gave, as usual, much satisfaction. The other performers also made the most of their parts; and the drama went off with spirit, followed by the pantomime of "Harlequin Old Man."

CITY OF LONDON—A new two-act drama, from the pen of Mr. F. Marchant, entitled "Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man," is the last production at this house. It is exceedingly pathetic, as may be judged from the following sketch of the plot. Jacob Holmstrum (Mr. F. Marchant) is an old English farmer, and, with his wife Esther (Mrs. A. Rayner), he idolizes his only son, Harry (Mr. E. B. Herbert) who has fallen into evil ways, mainly through the teachings and temptations of a blackleg and sharper, called Hazard Backum (Mr. H. Dudley). The latter induces him to forge his father's name, and to draw his money out of the bank for gambling purposes, the end of which is, of course, misery and shame. After this, Hazard is the first to reproach his dup, and the foremost to denounce him to old Jacob, who, with his wife, fairly give way under the shock. They have to sell the farm to pay the debts attaching to it, and, apparently, the only friends left them are their own domestics, Dicky Dade (Mr. George Lewis) and Dolly Dragg (Miss Emily Gibson), who act respectively as cowboy and dairymaid, and Susan Simple (Miss Jane Coveney), a servant at one of the mansions in the locality. They manage, however, to send their son Harry to sea to hide his disgrace, and he is not supposed to turn up till fifteen years afterwards, when the poor old couple, starving and penniless, return to their native place, begging and selling matches by the way. There they meet with Hazard, who has become the landlord of the village inn, and who pretends to be imbued with religious fervour, in order that he may the more readily carry on his profession of smuggler. He recognizes Harry, who has made sufficient money in Australia to re-establish himself and parents, and determines to rob him, but Harry, who has been drinking somewhat freely, does not seem the kind of man to be trifled with, and as he threatens vengeance upon his old tempter should he ever meet him, Hazard determines to be first in the field. Unperceived, as he thinks, but all the while watched by a gentleman named Jeremiah Jewellum, Esq. (Mr. William Travers), he places some of his property in the coat-pocket of the sailor, and, just as the latter has met his father and mother, and has filled their hearts with joy and happiness, he comes forward and accuses him of robbery, only, however, to find himself the victim of his own trap. He is given into custody, and, as the revenue officers at the opportune moment arrive to arrest him on the smuggling charge, he, of course, meets with his deserts, and the poor old people are made happy at last. The drama is most effectively played. The pantomime is still in the zenith of its success.

THE THEATRES generally are well patronised, and we have little to record yet of further new productions.

AGRICULTURAL HALL—Throughout the week the performances here have still been remarkably well attended. On Thursday evening the energetic and respected manager, Mr. Henderson, took his benefit. He was well supported by his friends, and, on his appearance, was received with a loud round of applause. To him alone is due the spirited manner in which the whole of the entertainments here have been carried out. We trust to see him again in the same onerous position. This evening (Saturday) is announced as the last night, for the benefit of the proprietor, Mr. Radkin. The house, no doubt, will be crowded.

CRYSTAL PALACE—The Sunday concerts have been again resumed. A new story, Miss Augusta Bernholdt, from Copenhagen, made her debut on Saturday last with indifferent success. Ma. emme Ida Guines sang "O thou whom I adore," from "Massanella," and an aria from Maillet's "Les Dragons de Villars," and was deservedly applauded. Herr Reichardt introduced a new song, "You must guess," and, being received, gave, in broken English, another composition from his own pen. The band, under Mr. Maas, was, as usual, most effective. The bazaar attractions in the nave are still in full force, and the gigantic Christmas tree occupies its place near the tropical region of the palace. Signor Luchini, whose truly wonderful performances have delighted so many thousands during the holidays, made a special ascent and descent of the spiral platform at half-past five o'clock, and the palace was illuminated for promenade. Some copies of works by the great English sculptor, Gibson, were exhibited in front of the Italian Court. The celebrated "United Venus" had a place in the collection, and a last fifth sculptor, by Mr. Threl, as a matter of course excited much interest. Mr. Nelson Lee's pantomime still affords considerable amusement.

AN IMPUDENT IMPOSTOR.

In October last a foreigner of Oriental appearance arrived at Marseilles by the packet from Alexandria. He went to the Grand Hotel, where he gave his name as Prince Kalmaki, and asked for the best suite of apartments in the house. The name of Kalmaki being well known to the landlord as that of one of the best families in Turkey, the stranger, although he had no retinue, and had but scant luggage, was installed as the most distinguished guest of the Grand Hotel in the handsome set of rooms which shortly before had been occupied by the Emperor of Russia. The next morning the prince left his card at the Turkish consulate, and the vice-consul, in the absence of the consul general, returned the visit in person. The prince stated at the hotel that his father had an immense estate in Turkey, in the midst of which was a navigable lake, entirely his private property, on the bosom of which large steamboats were continually plying. His object in coming to France was to buy horses for his father's friend, Ali Pasha, and he asked many questions as to the best means of procuring fine horses. He was introduced to M. Carbonnel, the largest horse-dealer in the south of France, and who has stables at Marseilles, Avignon, and Lyons. The prince, whose taste in horsemanship was extremely difficult to please, found none of the horses in Marseilles good enough for him, and M. Carbonnel wrote to his stud-groom at Lyons, desiring him to send the best horses he had by rail to Avignon, whither Prince Kalmaki would go to look at them.

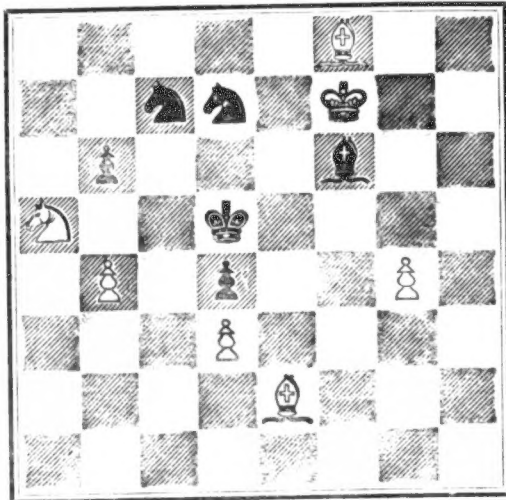
The prince went there accordingly, and after a most severe inspection selected several animals at high prices. On his return to Marseilles he wrote a telegraphic despatch to Ali Pasha, Constantinople, stating the number and price of the horses he had bought, and desiring the pasha to remit funds immediately to pay for them. This despatch was taken to the telegraph-office by one of the clerks of the hotel. On the strength of it the manager of the hotel, anxious to secure the custom of the Kalmaki family, not only continued with him mistakings to serve the prince with the best of everything, but lent him £160, for which he had occasion while the remittance was coming. Carbonnel, the horse-dealer, also placed his purse at the disposition of the prince, and the prince was pleased to take as much as £60 out of it for petty cash. The prince, whose luggage, as has been already said, was not heavy, made large additions to it before he had been many days in Marseilles. His taste in dress was altogether princely. A tailor executed his orders to the extent of £60, bought on credit half a dozen new hats, and a dozen pairs of boots. The prince expressed the utmost admiration for the city of Marseilles, and for the French nation, and made a disclosure of an incident connected with his journey to Avignon which excited the utmost curiosity in the hotel, and indeed throughout the town. He announced his intention to marry a French lady and settle in France. On his way to Avignon he had been greatly struck with the beauty of a young person who, accompanied by two nuns, rode in the same railway carriage with him, and got out at an intermediate station. As soon as he had settled the purchase of the horses with M. Carbonnel he resolved to find out the young lady. A Turk who acted as his secretary suggested that the cure of the nearest station at which the fair one alighted would probably know something of the nuns who were with her, and in this way a clue to her name and residence might be found. The idea was perfectly successful. The cure, on being applied to, recognized at once the young person described. He said she was the sister of a mayor of a neighbouring parish, that she had come on the day the prince saw her to play the organ in his church. She was an exemplary girl, of good family, and very nice fortune, and he, for his part, thought her quite worthy to be a princess. The family was communicated with through the excellent cure. The offer of the prince was accepted by the lady's brother on her behalf, and an appointment was made at Marseilles to sign the marriage-contract. The prince, intoxicated with the happiness that awaited him, at once made his intended bride some presents, and volunteered to sign two bills of £4,000 as an instalment of the settlement he intended to make upon her. Marriages, however, in France, are not hastily made. The law requires a great many formalities, and the production of a great many papers; and it is, moreover, the habit of Frenchmen to look pretty closely into the title of the property which the parties allege they possess. In this case the first thing the lady's brother did on arriving at Marseilles was to call at the Turkish consulate, show the two bills, and ask bluntly whether the signature was good. The answer was that nothing whatever was known at the consulate about the prince, that his visit had been returned without inquiry, and that was all; but as to the validity of the bills, the parties taking them must decide entirely on their own judgment. They did decide at once that the match was not an eligible one, and left Marseilles precipitately, having first returned the presents. This mishap put an end to the princely career of the guest at the Grand Hotel. Confidence was suddenly withdrawn from him; bills poured in all at once, and he was constrained to confess that he had no resources in the world. When he appeared the other day at the bar of the Correccional Police, on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences, it was proved that he was a Levantine named Tanco, a subject of the Bey of Tunis, and that he had lately come out of prison at Cairo. The false prince was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

ENTRAORDINARY SCENE IN A THEATRE—On Thursday evening a singular scene took place in the Theatre Royal, at Bradford, in consequence of the stage-manager, Mr. Ball, announcing that an actor, Mr. Broughton, who had appeared early in this evening, would not continue to perform in consequence of his being drunk. Mr. Broughton immediately rose in the pit and loudly denied that he was drunk, and asked the audience to judge whether he was so. He charged the stage-manager with having struck him, which the stage-manager denied, and a number of actors were called to bear witness as to the truthfulness of a story as to a quarrel which had taken place behind the scenes with reference to Mr. Broughton's appropriation of some portion of wardrobe belonging to another actor. Mr. Ball and Mr. Broughton gave different versions as to the quarrel. The audience expressed their judgment unequivocally that the stage-manager had done wrong in imputing drunkenness to Broughton, who, having declared that he would no longer play on those boards, left the theatre. The performance proceeded, another actor taking the place of Mr. Broughton and reading his part, but the rupture had evidently destroyed the interest.—*Manchester Chronicle.*

PAINSTAKERS.—CLARK'S FAMILY OINTMENT—This invaluable preparation, for the wonderful properties of which have now for some time been well appreciated by a discerning public, is proved in a thousand instances to have alleviated the diseases and troubles of infancy and childhood. Chagles, rawness, boils, sores, and skin eruptions of every description, scalds, head-aches, chilblains, cuts and bruises, cramp and wheezing at the chest, have all in their turn yielded to its judicious and persistent application. It is less efficacious in removing those distressing ailments which weary and dispirit persons of mature years, whilst its healing, soothing, and palliative qualities recommend it beyond all question as the great panacea for those obstinate and irritating maladies so frequently attendant on an advanced period of life. Numerous well-authenticated instances can be adduced of rapid cures, and permanent relief in severe cases of rheumatism, sprains, white swellings, scalds, gonorrhea, ulcers, and breast, ringworm, whitlow, elephantiasis, scorbutic, diphtheria, &c.; rheumatism in the head, lumbago, chilblains, corns, defective or too-grown nails, peeling off of the skin of the hands, chapped and cracked lips, wheezing in the throat of chest, scurvy, ticks, bruises, piles, and flemia, &c., &c. No person, whatever his or her position in life, should be without this Family Ointment, indispensable alike to the traveler, the sportsman, and the householder, to whom its manifold virtues will prove a source of comfort and economy. Sold wholesale by W. CLARK, 75, Baker-street, London, W., and retail by chemists throughout the world, in pots at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. each. Agents in every town.—*Advertisement.*

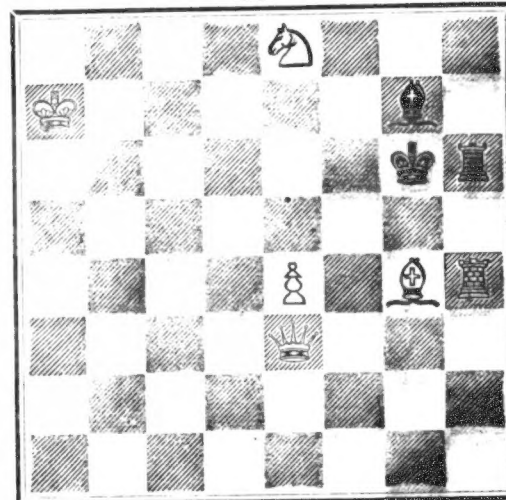
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 330.—By F. G. RAINGER, Esq. (for the juveniles).
Black.



White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 331.—By ALPHAB.
Black.



White to move, and mate in four moves.

Off-hand game played in 1859 between Mr. I. O. H. Taylor and another amateur.—Sicilian opening.

- | Black. | White. |
|---------------------|--------------------------------|
| Mr. B.— | Mr. I. O. H. Taylor. |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to Q B 4 |
| 2. P to Q B 4 (a) | 2. Q Kt to B 3 (b) |
| 3. K B to Q 3 | 3. P to K 3 |
| 4. K B to Q B 2 | 4. P to Q 4 |
| 5. P to Q 3 | 5. P to Q 5 (c) |
| 6. P to K B 4 | 6. P to K 4 |
| 7. K Kt to B 3 | 7. Q B to K Kt 5 |
| 8. Castles | 8. K B to Q 3 |
| 9. P to K R 5 | 9. Kt to K B 3 |
| 10. Q B to K Kt 5 | 10. P to K R 3 |
| 11. B to K R 4 | 11. Q to Q B 2 |
| 12. B to Q R 4 | 12. Castles (Q's side) |
| 13. B to Q Kt 5 | 13. Q R to Kt square |
| 14. P to Q R 4 | 14. Kt to Q Kt 5 |
| 15. P to K R 3 (d) | 15. B takes Kt |
| 16. Q takes B | 16. Kt to Q B 7 (e) |
| 17. K to R 2 | 17. Kt to K 6 |
| 18. R to Q B square | 18. P to K Kt 4 |
| 19. B to K R 2 | 19. P to K Kt 6 |
| 20. Q to K 2 | 20. P takes P |
| 21. P to K Kt 3 | 21. R to K Kt 4 |
| 22. K to R 2 | 22. Kt to K B 3 to K Kt 5 (ch) |
| 23. K takes P (f) | 23. R to K R 4 (ch) |
| 24. K to Kt 2 | 24. R to K R 7 (ch) |
| 25. K to Kt square | 25. R takes B, and wins |
- (a) This is a favourite move at the "Palladian," but it seems to weaken Black's position.
(b) Stanton here gives P to K 3 as best.
(c) This move impedes the development of Black's game.
(d) An inferior move.
(e) White preferred keeping up an attack to being thrown on the defensive by advancing Pawn on Bishop.
(f) He should have retreated the King.
[Forwarded by Mr. Bainger.]

A BAREFACED BABOON—For more than a year past Mr. Brook of Gillingham, has been suffering from the attacks of a baboon on his flocks. During the past year, this customer, a large male, has killed 150 kids and lambs. Latterly he became so daring that he would walk deliberately in broad daylight down to the kraal, within a few yards of the herd's hut, and catch one or two kids at a time. The scarcity of food in the veld lately, owing to the drought, made him more daring than ever, so a woman was left in the hut last week to drive him off. But he was not to be cheated out of his meal by any such means. The woman caught him a few days ago in the act of purloining a kid from the kraal. She hooted at him, and ran to wards him threateningly with a stick, but he would not budge. He only made faces at her, and ran towards her threatening her in turn, which frightened her so much that she was glad to take refuge in the hut again, and he finished his meal in comfort. The voracious brute was, however, caught at last. Mr. Brook baited a wolf-trap with the favourite dish—a lamb, and the carnivorous baboon came to grief.—*Cape of Good Hope Paper.*

BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!!—T. B. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1833. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings. Lists free. 29, Abchurch-lane, London.—*(Advertisement.)*

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
BOW STREET.

A TROUBLESOME VISITOR.—Elizabeth Fitzgerald, a well-dressed and rather good-looking woman of about thirty years of age, was charged with wilfully damaging paintings and other articles to the value of 175s and upwards, the property of Mr. Aston, of 42, Russell-square. Mr. Payne, the barrister, who appeared for the prosecution, stated that Mr. Aston, a gentleman moving in the first circles of society, had, some years ago, the misfortune to become acquainted with the prisoner, and, like many other young men, he was foolish enough to get into a habit of visiting her; but he never took apartments for her, or acted in any way that could give her a claim upon him. He had several times lately been annoyed by the prisoner making repeated applications for money; and lately, when going out of town, he had some apprehension of her probable conduct, and left word that if she should give any annoyance, or do any damage in his absence, she should be given into custody. Whether she took advantage of the circumstance of his absence, or whether she was ignorant of that fact, was not known; but a person who turned out to be her landlord called at Mr. Aston's house with a note from her, applying for money. That letter contained some infamous imputations, but nothing amounting to a positive threat. The landlord was told that there was no answer. Afterwards the prisoner drove up to the door in a cab. The cabman knocked at the door, and when it was opened, asked whether there was any answer to Mrs. Fitzgerald's note. He was told there was not, and then observed, "We shall make repeated applications till we do get an answer," thus identifying himself with the parties. A few minutes afterwards another knock was heard at the door, and upon its being opened the prisoner rushed in, and with a short look sick like a gentleman's hunting whip, smashed the hall lamp to fragments. She then rushed into the dining-room, whither she was followed by Mr. Aston's sister. She seized that young lady by the wrist, and demanded, "Are you his intended? Are you his sister—or who are you?" Miss Aston made no reply. She then with the handle of the whip smashed Mr. Aston's portrait, exclaiming as she did so, "I only wish it was himself instead of his picture!" In a similar manner she destroyed the portrait of his mother, and three other family pictures, each of which was valued at thirty-five guineas. She also destroyed a chandelier and clock-case. Witnesses were called in support of this statement. The prisoner said she had been living with the prosecutor as his wife for eight years. They had been for part of the time unhappy through jealousy, and she had suffered in health from a cause which could not be mentioned here. Lastly, contemplating marriage, he had expressed a wish to separate, and offered her £200 if she would consent, and abstain from annoying him. She was entitled to this at least, as she had spent £135 of her own money in furnishing a house. She had been in great distress through his not keeping his promise, and only went to the house to try to get an answer to her note. She had then no intention of doing any damage; but she found the stick in the bottom of the cab, and being exasperated at receiving no reply she lost her temper. She was committed for trial. On leaving the dock the prisoner exclaimed, "May the curse of God light on all the family of the Astons!"

CLERKENWELL.

"RESPECTABLE PERSONS" UNDER A CLOUD.—Mary Williams, aged 25, and Octavia Deely, aged 28, a Jeweller, were charged with stealing a watch and chain from the person of Mr. John Robinson, at Baron-street, Pentonville, under the following circumstances:—The prisoners were seen loitering about Upper and High-streets, Islington, by Police-sergeant William Scott, 41 N, who suspected them and watched. He saw them separate, and then the female spoke to the prosecutor, and they went to a public house and had something to drink. When they left, the prosecutor and the woman walked a short distance, and she then said she must go, and asked what time it was. The prosecutor took out his watch, on which the female prisoner snatched away the watch, and ran off across the road. The prosecutor took hold of her, on which the male prisoner went round him, put his arms round the prosecutor's neck, hugged him, and all fell to the ground. Sergeant Scott ran up and pulled the male prisoner off the prosecutor, who at that time was suffering from the effects of the violence. Scott took both the prisoners into custody with assistance, and at that time the prosecutor's watch was dropped on the pavement and picked up by the police. On the way to add at the police station both prisoners denied all knowledge of each other, but after they had been locked up the female told the constable to ask the man for her keys, as she had a child locked up in her room. The keys had been taken from the man, and on the constable going to the address given it was found that the man and woman had been living there as man and wife, and that nothing was known against them. From the adroit manner in which the robbery had been committed the police suspected that this was not the first offence the prisoners had been guilty of, and asked for a remand to enable them to see what was known of them. The prisoners said they should make no defence at present. The magistrate said great praise was due to the police sergeant, and committed the prisoners for trial. The prisoners said it was of no use remanding them, as this was their first offence and they were respectable persons.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

AN AMATEUR PAUPER.—Mr. David Greenhall, harness-maker, of No. 43, Rupert-street, was charged before Mr. Knox with applying for and obtaining relief at St. James's Workhouse, he having money and other valuable property in his possession, and not giving a correct account of himself. Charles Densham, superintendent of the casual ward at St. James's Workhouse, said: On Thursday night about a quarter past nine the defendant applied for relief, and was admitted to the casual ward. I gave him the usual allowance and showed him his berth. I afterwards searched him and found upon him 6s. 9½ and other property. The defendant then said that he was a respectable man, and asked to be allowed to leave. I told the defendant that I could not permit that. The defendant was afterwards given into the custody of a constable (Dox, 177 U). Defendant: I had had a little more to drink than I ought to have had. The superintendent: The defendant was quite sober. His only excuse was that he wished to see the place. Mr. Knox (to defendant): What are you? Defendant: I am an army accoutrement maker in Rupert-street, and have been there many years. The superintendent: He said he had slept at Greenwell Workhouse the previous night. Mr. Knox (to defendant): What is your name? Defendant: Greenhall. Sergeant Stephens (acting inspector): That is the case, sir. His name is in the Directory, and he is known to the superintendent and one of the inspectors. Defendant: It was a drunken frolic. Mr. Knox: Did the defendant consume any of the bread and gruel? The superintendent: He ate some of the bread and tasted the gruel. He then offered me his card and asked to be allowed to go, saying it was only a drunken frolic. Mr. Knox: Then the defendant is really a tradesman in Rupert-street? Sergeant Stephens: He is, sir. Mr. Knox: It is a very dangerous frolic. Do you know that you are liable to be sent for a month with hard labour? Defendant: I am aware it was very stupid of me. Mr. Knox: It is the first case of the kind that has been brought before me. I con-

sider it a serious offence that persons of decent position should go to a workhouse and make a mockery of applying for relief, and if it is done by them it will be done by others. I do not wish to do that which may be of serious injury to you, and therefore I do not choose to send you to prison, as I think that would be too great a punishment. I think the publicity the matter is likely to obtain, and the trouble you have been put to sufficient punishment. I shall discharge you, seriously cautioning you against repeating the act.

A BEGGING IMPOSTOR.—John Williams, about 60 years of age, describing himself as a carpenter of Smith's cottages, Riverhead, Sevenoaks, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with obtaining by means of false and fraudulent pretences the sum of 2s. 6d. from Mr. Arthur Walsh, M.P. for Leominster, and residing at No. 35, Hill-street, Berkeley-square. Mr. Walsh said: On Saturday, in the forenoon, the prisoner called at my house and saw my butler and told him that he had pressing business with me. The butler told him that I was out and that he had better call about five o'clock. In the interval of the prisoner's leaving and calling again I went to the Mendicity Society's Office and asked them to send some one to my house to see whether it was a case of imposture or not, and an officer was sent. The prisoner called between five and six o'clock, said he was a native of Leominster, that his nephew had been killed in a railway tunnel accident at Sevenoaks, and had left a widow and a very large family, and that he was going to take the widow and children down to Leominster by that night's train, but that he was short of the money by 10s. The prisoner asked me to assist him. I then asked him if he could refer me to any one at Leominster, and he mentioned the name of Mr. Williams as his brother, and two or three other persons, and further said that Mr. Williams was one of my supporters. I gave the prisoner 2s. 6d., all the silver I had, to assist him in taking the widow and children to Leominster. The prisoner then asked me if I could not give him any more money, or lend him 10s. for a week, when he would repay me, and the officer then came in and told me that the prisoner was a notorious impostor, and took him into custody. Thomas Turner, officer of the Mendicity Society, said: On Saturday afternoon I went to Mr. Walsh's house, and a little after five prisoner called. I placed myself so that I could see and hear what took place. I heard the prisoner say that he had come on behalf of his nephew's widow, who had been left with fourteen children, her husband having been killed in a railway accident, and that he wanted to send the widow and children to Leominster by that night's train. The prisoner pressed Mr. Walsh to give him something; and after Mr. Walsh had given him 2s. 6d. he wanted to borrow 10s. for a week. Mr. Walsh refused, and I then stepped forward and took the prisoner into custody, telling Mr. Walsh that the prisoner was an impostor. John William Horsford (chief officer of the Mendicity Society): I have known the prisoner many years, and he has been in the habit of giving the name of William Morgan and calling himself a native of Wales. I have had him in custody, and he has repeatedly been convicted in the name of Williams. The prisoner: All I have to say is that I am a native of Leominster and my name is Williams. I have been out of work and in distress, and that is why I did it. Mr. Tyrwhitt: I can have no doubt about the case whatever. The gentleman happens to be a member of parliament, and therefore is thought by persons of your class to be a proper person to apply to. I have no pity for you. With a poor man in real distress it is a very different thing. You will be committed for three months with hard labour.

WORSHIP STREET.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY.—William Chadwick, about 50 years of age, residing at Central-hill, Norwood, was brought before Mr. Major Cooke, on a charge of stealing £2,800, the moneys of his employers, Messrs. Henry and John Taylor, mustard and cocoa manufacturers, carrying on business in Brick-lane, Whitechapel. Mr. Lewis, sen., of Ely-place, attended for the prosecution; the prisoner was undefended. He has a very gentlemanly exterior, and from the moment he entered the dock went on the front iron rail, shielding his features with his right hand, which he removed but twice during the examination. Mr. Lewis stated the material facts of the case, in the course of which he remarked: The prisoner has been, I believe, between six and seven years in the service of this firm as a confidential clerk, entering it on a salary of £200, which amount was increased in consideration of what was believed to be a course of undeviating honesty and good conduct to £300 per annum. Not infrequently he dined and mixed socially with his employers—and when I inform you, sir, that from May, 1861, to December, 1865, his disbursements amounted to about £2,700—some estimate may be formed of the quality pertaining to his good conduct and the interest he had evinced for the welfare of the firm. When apprehended he said, "Yes, oh yes, I took the money—you would not allow me a sufficient salary, so I took it." Now, sir, I think it will be admitted that such a remark is as good a way of admitting a robbery, as a direct robbery, as may easily be imagined. Nor should I omit to mention that this confidential clerk actually occasioned and procured the discharge of two workmen in the same employment under a representation of dishonesty. Mr. John Taylor deposed: Yesterday the prisoner was absent from business on a holiday. I received a communication during his absence in reference to this matter, and this morning when he entered the office I had a list of accounts in my hand (the miscellaneous accounts) I sent for a police-constable, and in his presence said, "You have been robbing me." He said, "Robbing, robbing?" I remarked, "Yes," and then showed him the list. He then coolly observed, "I have taken it; the salary was too small." Prisoner (removing his hand from his face): I went there on a promise of advancement, and remained seven years. Mr. Taylor: Since May, 1864, there has not been any advance of his salary—it was at first £200, and lastly £300—he never asked for an increase. Christopher Kent, 700 A reserve: I received the prisoner in custody. Prosecutor said, "I give this person in charge for stealing a large sum of money." There was no reply. Prosecutor added, "I give him in charge for stealing £2,000," and he exhibited the list produced. Prisoner then replied, "I was led to believe that I should have more." Am not sure he said more money. "And I was drove to it." Mr. Kingmill (the clerk): Did he say "drove" or "driven"? Witness: "Drove"; and he added, "You promised that I should have an increase of pay. I made advances which drove me almost crazy. I am taking it." Mr. Lewis: This will be the case, sir. The false castings up of the allowance amounts are in prisoner's handwriting, which, with his admission, are amply sufficient evidence for conviction. Mr. Cooke (to the prisoner): Do you desire any time previous to a final commitment for trial that you may have an opportunity of consulting with a professional gentleman? Prisoner: I certainly should wish to see my friends and legal adviser. Mr. Cooke: Very well, then, I will allow a week's remand. Prisoner was removed from the dock much dejected.

SAD CASE OF WIFE DESERTION.—A ladylike person, about thirty-five years of age, and of good address, came before Mr. Elliott for advice and assistance under the following lamentable circumstances. Applicant stated that her name was Annie Fay, that her husband had deserted her and five children, and that by their neglectous position she was driven to the present step. She had twice married. Her first husband, whose name was William Chamberlain, filled the situation of relieving officer to the West London Union, and was much respected. Three of the five children mentioned are the issue of that marriage, and the remaining two of the second marriage which she contracted with Mr. Fay, who received on that occasion £1,000, her moneys, and subsequently £400. In the year 1865 her husband carried on the business of a chemist and druggist near Kingland-gate. In August last an action was brought against him in a matter connected with his profession. It was heard

at Croydon, and he was cast in damages £100. She believed that he was unable to meet this and the expenses attendant thereon; but however that might be, very shortly afterwards he sold the business at Kingland, left the neighbourhood, and had not since been heard of or seen by her. She was entirely ignorant of his intention, and as they had a private residence, which kept her and the children far apart from the shop, the blow was as sudden as affliction. Not the slightest indication of his whereabouts could she obtain, but from the fact of his speaking French and German fluently her impression was he had retired to the south of France. She had been compelled to part with every article of jewellery and dress for the support of herself and children, the youngest of whom was but twelve months old, and for a few days previous to Christmas-day they were actually without food or firing. She was now living with her sister at 5, Grange-road, Dalston, but her means were limited, and the applicant could not much longer be a burthen upon her. Mr. Elliott said the only course she could pursue was making application to the authorities of the workhouse for relief. He would, meanwhile, present her with a sovereign from the funds of the poor-box, and probably if publicity was given to her case it would meet with other attention. Mrs. Fay begged that the truth of her statement might be inquired into, and referred to the Rev. Mr. Gordon, St. Philip's, Dalston, whose lady had greatly assisted her; indeed the very clothes she then stood in were her gift. The Rev. James Jackson, of St. Sepulchre's, and many others, could vouch for the truth of what she had averred.

THAMES.

CRUEL ROBBERY.—William Mitchell, described as a potman, aged 25 years, was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with stealing a sovereign. The prosecutor, George McCallum, a discharged soldier of the 29th Regiment of Foot, made the acquaintance of the prisoner at a coffee-house, where they were both staying. On Wednesday, the 17th of the present month, the soldier embarked on board the steamship *Stork*, with the intention of going to Edinburgh. He was accompanied by the prisoner, who had no sooner stepped on deck than he abstracted a sovereign from the soldier's purse. McCallum seized the prisoner, and called for help. Donald Murray, the constable on St. Katherine's wharf, and a servant of the General Steam Navigation Company, immediately arrested the prisoner, took him into the saloon, and demanded the money. The prisoner said he had not got it, and put the sovereign into his mouth. Murray clutched him by the shoulder with one hand, and grasped his throat with the other, at the same time calling for a spoon. Mr. David Scotland, the chief mate of the ship, gave Murray a spoon, and kept the prisoner's mouth open with a knife. Murray thrust the spoon into the prisoner's mouth, but he was too late; he saw the sovereign disappear down the prisoner's throat. The prisoner was nearly choked by the reverse though necessary measures adopted by the mate and constable to recover the sovereign. The prisoner, in defence, said he did not take the sovereign from the soldier, and that what he swallowed was a hard piece of tobacco. Mr. Paget committed the prisoner for trial, on which the soldier stated that he had been detained here nine days, and all his money was gone. He had no means of living whatever in England. Murray said the soldier was a man of good character, and his breast was decorated with medals. Mr. Paget regretted he had no funds at his disposal to compensate the soldier for his loss of time. He could only give him a certificate for his attendance at the court, and he would not be able to obtain the money until after the trial. The soldier received a certificate awarding him 2s. 6d. for his loss of time in attending the court as a witness.

A PROUD PAUPER.—Ann Fisher, aged 47, who described herself as an upholsterer, of 47, Russell-street, Bermondsey, was brought before Mr. Paget charged with being drunk and disorderly and illegally obtaining relief from the guardians of Mile-end Old-town. She drove to the workhouse in a cab and paid the fare. She demanded admission to the casual ward, but was refused because she was drunk. She then made a great disturbance, and as people began to assemble about the workhouse gates the porter let her in, caused her to be searched by a female, and 17s. 7½d. was found upon her. He declined to give her a bath, bread, or bed, but handed her over to a police-constable and detained the money. Mr. Paget: You did quite right. McCallum: I forgot to state that she said she had £300 to take at the Bank of England on Monday morning, and that her name was not Fisher. The prisoner said her name was Fisher, and that her mother, Mary Fisher, the keeper of the Moravian Chapel, Charlotte-street, Bath, sent her the money she received on Saturday. She did not like the three-penny lodging-houses, and preferred the casual ward. She was in the Fever Hospital and afterwards in the Westminster Hospital, and was for nine weeks in the Mile-end Workhouse with a bad leg. Mr. Paget: You have been living on the rates paid by industrious people, and came to the casual ward of a workhouse in a cab with 17s. 7½d. in your pocket and inebriated, and demanded admittance. You ought to maintain yourself. I fine you 5s. for being drunk on Saturday night. You did not obtain relief on Saturday night, or I would have punished you severely.

SOUTHWARK.

WORKHOUSE VILLAGES.—Ellen Watson, Eliza Osborne, and Mary Flack, strong and hearty-looking young women, dressed in the workhouse garb, were brought before Mr. Burroughs, charged with disorderly conduct in the wards of St. Olave's Union, and breaking windows of the value of 12s. The porter of the workhouse said that the prisoners were regular inmates, having been in and out of the workhouse since they were children. On the previous morning they were requested to perform their usual work in one of the wards, and instead of doing so, they grossly misconducted themselves, so that they were taken to the master's office. On their way there they broke several panes of glass. Witness prevented them from committing further damage, and by order of the master, he called a constable, and gave them into custody. Mr. Burroughs asked the prisoners if they wished to ask the witness any question. They replied in the negative. Mr. Burroughs: What have you to say after what the porter has stated? Osborne said she never broke a window. The others said: What if they did, it was no consequence. The porter said he had a witness who saw Osborne break the windows. One of the wardwomen of the house corroborated the porter's testimony, and added that she fortunately saw Osborne break the windows. Mr. Burroughs said it would be useless saying anything to such worthless characters. It was only a shame that the poor inhabitant ratepayers in the parish should be compelled to maintain them. He sentenced each to pay a fine of 12s. and, in default of payment, he committed them to fourteen days' hard labour in Wandsworth House of Correction. The prisoners were then removed by the gaoler.

LAMBETH.

SCANDALOUS OUTRAGE.—Alexander Gillespie, William Burrows, Robert Bowman Duck, and George Davis, four out of seven men who had been summoned by Mr. Grove, the secretary to the Crystal Palace Company, were charged with wilfully and maliciously breaking several squares of glass, value 1s. 6d. each, in the corridor leading from the palace to the railway station. On Boxing Night, when there was an immense concourse of people at the Crystal Palace, great numbers of them, as they went away, amused themselves by smashing the glass in the corridor leading to the railway, in consequence of which above 400 squares of glass, value £35, were destroyed. The defendant Gillespie was seen to break seven panes, and the others two panes each. Mr. Elliott said it was a monstrous and disgraceful outrage, and fined Gillespie 40s. and the value of the glass, or one month's imprisonment, and the other three 20s. or twenty days' imprisonment.

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THE TWO SCHOOLS.—THE ROAD TO RUIN.

THE TWO SCHOOLS.

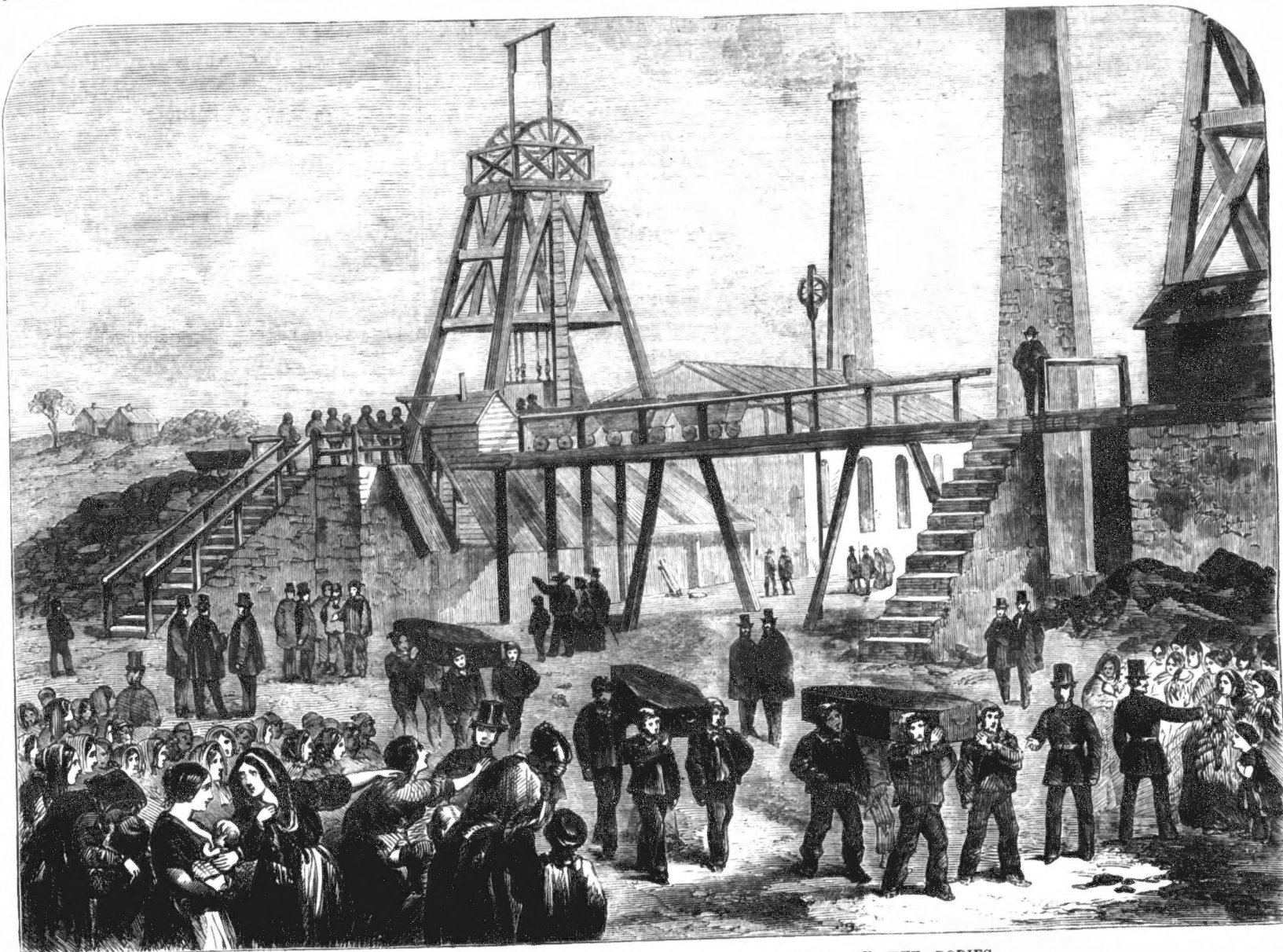
THE two sketches on the page before us require little descriptive matter as far as the illustrations are concerned; but the subjects themselves are fraught with vital interest to the community at large. For nearly twenty years the subject of ragged and indus-

trial schools has been advocated by the Earl of Shaftesbury and other philanthropists; but still the amount of crime appears undiminished. True, we have numerous schools for the neglected poor and ragged children of London; but are they half or a quarter sufficient to meet the demand? Every paper we take up contains an account of some "brutal outrage" disgraceful to a Christian

country; and were such outrages told by missionaries as having occurred in the midst of "benighted savages," groans of horror would arise from Exeter Hall, and thousands of pounds would readily be subscribed for the "conversion of the blacks." Should we not look at home first?—look into the schools of vice, as pictured above, and establish more of those schools as pictured below.



THE TWO SCHOOLS.—THE ROAD TO HONOUR.



THE DREADFUL COLLIERY ACCIDENT AT WIGAN.—REMOVAL OF THE BODIES.

Literature.

SUSIE'S ROMANCE.

THE climbing roses and morning-glories, arching over the cottage-window, made a very pretty frame-work for Susie Storm's pretty face, as she sat in the yellow twilight reading a novel. Susie laid down her bewitching book when it grew too dark to read, and looked over to her married sister, staid and matronly, hushing her baby to sleep.

"Annie," she said, "I wish I were a heroine!"

"A what, dear?" Mrs. Brooks inquired, looking up.

"A heroine—the heroine of a story like this. I feel just as Isabel Sleasford used to feel; and I long and long to do something, and be something out of the common. I should like to have some romance in my life. I should like to be like the girl I read about, abducted, and have duels fought about me, and elope with a foreign count, and, oh, do all the other things that young ladies, in stories, always do. It is dreadful to be just a farmer's daughter, and milk cows, and make beds, and cook cabbage all one's life."

Mrs. Brooks listened to this tirade in silent bewilderment, and only stared at her sentimental younger sister.

"I should like to meet a man like that darling Roland Landseil! I declare I love him beyond everything, only just from reading about him. If he had asked me to run away with him as he did the Doctor's wife, I am sure I should have run that minute. I wish—oh, how I wish some one like him would come here."

"But, my dear Susie," remonstrated her sister, "what would Peter say?"

"I don't care," burst out Miss Storms. "I hate Peter and his hateful name and his horrid grocery-shop, and his sandy hair and whiskers, and his big feet and hands, and I'll never marry him. There!"

Mrs. Brooks sat aghast; and Miss Susie, with a very becoming glow on her cheeks and light in her eyes, went on:—

"I don't know what I was thinking of when I promised to marry Peter Slower. I must have been out of my senses ever to dream of marrying a man named Peter. Such a stupid, prosy old Peter, too. There he comes in of an evening, and sits down and talks by the hour to your husband, of butter and pork and lard and tallow and soap, or they wrangle about politics, and neither of them, I do believe, know Tennyson from Shakespeare, or Owen Meredith from the man in the moon. Peter calls all novels 'trash,' and never reads anything lighter than 'Rasselas' in his life. I'll tell him, when he comes back from Bristol, that there is no sympathy between us, and that I cannot marry him. Perhaps my hero may come along some day; if he doesn't, I'll live and die an old maid."

"Well," said Susie's sister, drawing a long breath, "I am astonished! Why, I thought you loved Peter."

Miss Storm's eyes flashed.

"Love Peter! Who could love a man who devours rare beef-steak and onions every morning of his life for breakfast, and whose soul never rises above pork and tallow? I did fancy I loved him once, but now I know myself better, and I am confident I should be miserable with him. If I cannot marry an Edgar Ravenswood, a Steinfeld, a Vivian Gray, or a Roland Landseil, I will never marry at all."

"Very well, my dear," said Mrs. Brooks, recovering her serenity. "I think you are very foolish, but please yourself. I know poor Peter will feel terribly disappointed, for he does love you, even if his soul does grovel among the groceries. Will you write and tell him, or will you wait till he comes home?"

"I'll write, I think. It is easier saying what one has to say in that manner, and it will avoid a scene."

"Peter would not make a scene."

"No; he hasn't enough of romance in him even for that. He would listen to me with those round grey eyes of his wide open; and, when I was done, would take up his hat and bid me good morning, and before six months be married to somebody else."

"As he will, no doubt," said Mrs. Brooks, "as I shall strongly advise him to. There are some very pretty girls out at the chance you are throwing away for a foolish whim. He is a good fellow if his name is Peter, and if he does keep a grocery; and it will be a very nice thing for the girl that he makes mistress of that handsome new house of his."

Susie shrugged her shoulders.

"I want to marry the man, not the house! Peter and I are unsuited to each other, and I should hate him after marriage, I know. If he kept on eating the beef-steak and onions. Oh, it is not to be thought of! I shall write to Bristol to-night."

Mrs. Brooks was too wise a little woman to make any objection. She smiled at herself as Susie left the room, and went in hushing her baby to sleep.

"I know Susie would get her head turned reading so many novels, George," she said to her husband, later that evening, as, wife-like, she told him everything; "she is so bent on marrying a hero, a Claude Duval, or a Vivian Gray, it does not much matter which, that poor Peter's doom is sealed. I think she could forgive him everything even now, for she likes him without knowing it, but his fatal name. No, she will never become Mrs. Peter Slower after reading about Roland Landseil!"

"Girls will be fools," Mr. Brooks replied, "and romantic fools are the worst of all. Susie's giving up Peter Slower, as good a fellow as ever lived, is uncommonly like the child's story of the dog that dropped the substance for the shadow."

But Susie did not think so; she sat up in her room writing a very sentimental letter to Mr. Slower, which began "Dear sir," and ended, "Ever your friend, Susie Storms;" and Susie was just as sentimental as her letter, and thought of the time Peter and she had written, and sighed as she looked of the time Peter and she had first "kept company" (odious phrase), and how contentedly she had promised then to become Mrs. Slower, and mistress of the handsome new frame house. But all that was over now; this giving him up was the beginning of her life-romance, and who could tell how soon her Roland Landseil might turn up?

Who, indeed? Not three weeks after there suddenly appeared in their quiet country town a stranger, who attracted considerable attention. The stranger was a tall, dark, distinguished-looking man—not exactly handsome, perhaps, but with that bronzed complexion, those profuse jetty whiskers, that inky moustache, and head of curly black hair, too bewildering for description—a gentleman who put up at the best inn, gave his name as Gustavus Mandeville, and his business a little trout fishing and partridge shooting for the good of his health.

Now it so happened that the best inn was nearly opposite Mr. Brooks's house; and Miss Susie Storms, sitting at the parlour-

window sewing or reading, saw a good deal of the dark, distinguished stranger, and became vividly interested in him at once. Screened by curtains, Susie was at the window perpetually, straining her eyes in search of that tall, commanding figure, and darkly bewhiskered face. Was this swarthy stranger, this Mr. Mandeville, whose very name was charming, her hero, so long waited for, turned up at last? She read over again the letter which poor jilted Peter Slower had sent her from Bristol, piteously appealing to her not to cast him off, and hardened her wicked little heart against him as the visions of his sandy locks rose before her in mental contrast to Mr. Mandeville's dark splendour.

"I say, Letty," remarked Mr. Brooks to Mrs. Brooks, across the tea-table, "have you noticed that fellow Mandeville watching our house very closely of late? I have; and it strikes me he has fallen in love with you or Susie; it is not easy to say which."

"See how Susie blushes!" cried Mrs. Brooks; "which of us looks guiltiest, I wonder? Who is Mr. Mandeville?"

"Some London blackleg, I dare say. I know nothing about him. Parks, that keeps the inn, introduced him to me yesterday; and Parks says he is a fine fellow, and pays his bills like an honest man. He hinted something about the loneliness of the place, and I invited him to call."

"And where is he?"

Mrs. Brooks stopped short. There was a rap at the door; Mr. Brooks opened it, and ushered in Mr. Mandeville.

Susie scarcely dared look up, her foolish heart was all in a flutter, her pretty face all in a glow. Mr. Mandeville shook hands with the ladies, retaining Susie's just a second or two longer than there was any real necessity for, and said, with marked emphasis, he was very happy to make her acquaintance.

Susie Storms never remembered so delightful an evening. Mr. Mandeville did not talk a great deal, but what he did say was delicious. He and Susie talked of Owen Meredith, and Alfred Tennyson, and Charles Dickens, and found all their tastes and sympathies congenial. Mr. Mandeville was a little cynical, and a good deal melancholy, and talked rather bitterly of this life and its gloominess, and that was all that was wanting to finish Susie. When he arose to take his leave at half-past ten, there was not a vestige of a heart remaining behind her French bedclothes, and Mr. Peter Slower's memory was beneath contempt.

Mr. Mandeville, the melancholy, and Miss Storms, the sentimental, got on remarkably well together. In a week they were intimate; in a fortnight they were plighted lovers. How it all came about, Susie herself scarcely knew; the rapidity of the whole thing, and the bewitching ways of her hero, bewildered her. She only knew she was desperately in love at last, and as romantically as her heart could desire. She knew nothing, positively nothing, of Mr. Gustavus Mandeville, except that he was her Fate, and the most charming of mankind. He had thrown out some deeply mysterious hints about his family that had left Susie as much in the dark as before; and, as to his business, she was allowed to conclude, if she pleased, that he did nothing but talk sentiment and Owen Meredith for a living.

Susie's ecstatic state was beyond the power of words to describe, but there were others not quite so well satisfied. Friends and relatives will talk to you "for your good" in these cases; and, being talked to for your good, always means something very unpleasant. Susie's sister and brother-in-law, not to mention a score of other friends and connexions, rose up in righteous wrath, and set the course of true love in a turbulent state. Was Susie mad? Would

she threw herself away on a black-whiskered stranger, whom nobody saw, and who might be the greatest scoundrel unhanged? Would she just Peter Blower, the best of men and gentlemen, for a public advertisement, with nothing to recommend him but a black hat? The storm was furious. Mr. Brooks forbade Mr. Maudeville the house. Mrs. Brooks forbade him to seek to him more, under pain of her everlasting displeasure. And, of course, every novel could have been a bit more interesting.

To be consistent, there was but one course for two such wrongdoers. Gus and Maudeville and Sisie, and followed the precedent of Peter Blower and "Little Emily," and eloped. One moonlight night when Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, and all the family, were sleeping, the sleep of the just, a buggy drove before the garden gate, a shrouded figure emerged from the doorway, and was handed in and driven off by the tall stranger with the splendid black whiskers. To do justice, she was as much excited as any heroine possibly could be; but doubts of her own goodness, of this strange man, of the elopement, troubled her poor little head as it had never been troubled before. If she was only true to Peter, poor faithful Peter! whom she could trust, perhaps it might have been better and wiser after all. But it was too late now—to let it be!

An hour's drive brought them to a little out-of-the-way church, where a clergyman, a friend of Mr. Maudeville's, was waiting to perform the ceremony. Everything was swimming before Sisie's eyes, and her step was so trembling, and her voice so faltering, and her heart so full, that she looked more like a young lady going to die than going to be married. But she stood there, supported by her dark-haired hero, and was fully conscious that the irreparable words were said; that the clergyman was shaking hands and congratulating her; that her new husband had kissed her, and was leading her back to the buggy. Where he was going to take her, she neither knew nor cared; she lay back, shivering, in a corner, in a wild terror of the rash thing she had done, and a fearful foreboding of the future driving her nearly wild. All her romantic love seemed to vanish in an instant, and all her blind folly to rise before her in a moment.

They stopped at last somewhere. Mr. Maudeville lifted his half-crown out of the carriage, and rang a door-bell. It was opened. A burst of laughter greeted Sisie; and there! Was she dreaming? There stood Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, laughing obsequiously.

"And so you have made a runaway match, Sisie, and been married to the end," Mr. Brooks cried, kissing her. "Well, now that it's all over, I must say Peter is a cleverer fellow than I ever thought he was."

"Peter!" Sisie gasped, looking at her husband. "Gustavus, what does he mean?"

"This is what he means, my dear," said Mr. Maudeville, meekly, removing his wig, whiskers, and moustache, and revealing the dyed but familiar face of Peter Blower. "You see I could not give you up; and so when Mrs. Brooks here wrote to me and put me up to this dodge for winning you, I had not courage to resist. Don't be angry, little wife. If you like Gustavus Maudeville better than Peter Blower, I'll wear the wig and whiskers, and keep my face dyed all the rest of my life."

Of course, there was a scene—of course, Sisie was frantic for about fifteen minutes, and then consented to sit down and listen to reason. The ending was even more romantic than the beginning, and she was a heroine at last.

That was a year ago. If you happen to pass Mr. Blower's grocery, you may see Mrs. Blower on busy Saturday-nights assisting behind the counter, and looking the very picture of neatness and content. There is not much romance, perhaps, in weighing pounds of butter and candles, but Sisie is getting over some of her romantic notions, and manages to exist without a Roland Landseil. She says, apologetically sometimes, "Peter is such a good fellow, you know, no one could help loving him."

SARATOGA.

A STORY OF AMERICAN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"I must go to Saratoga; it will be cruelly in you to keep me away from there this summer!"

Sweet, pouting lips, and a very melodious voice had Mrs. Edda Winsor, who uttered the above words, addressing her husband, a moment, about forty years of age, at least twice as old as herself.

He was sipping his coffee at the breakfast-table, she presiding at the table in her lovely morning robe, which could not conceal, loose as it was, the elegance of her exquisite figure. Its rose-leaf colour heightened, too, exceedingly well with her delicate complexion and fine features.

"Saratoga is a money, my dear!" said he, sententiously; "and money is a scarce article with me, for my business has been nearly killed by the war. If you go there you must dress elegantly, you must wear jewels, you must go into many extravagances which you know that I cannot afford. Besides, you know that I cannot leave my business to attend you."

"I can go with cousin Edgar Talbot and his wife," said Mrs. Winsor, her put in no way lessened.

"Edgar Talbot is rather too fast a man for an escort to a young married woman, and his wife is—"

"Not such a fool as to be possessed of the meanest passion that ever entered a human breast, jealousy!" said the young wife, while her eyes of dark hazel flashed with an angry fire.

"I am not jealous of you, Edda," said Mr. Winsor, gravely; "but I do not like Mr. Talbot, nor do I consider him a proper associate for you."

"He is in good society, rich, respectable, and well connected," said Mrs. Winsor.

"Yes, that is true; but I would rather be poor, than to be rich, as he is, through a fraudulent bankruptcy. But that is neither here nor there. I have not money to spare sufficient to defray the expenses of a trip to Saratoga," said Mr. Winsor, positively.

"I will not trouble you for money. I have saved enough from house-build expenses, and from your presents, when you loved me more than you do now, to carry me through the few weeks which I wish to spend there," said Mrs. Winsor, quietly, but with a tone full as positive as his own.

"Strange, that you think you can enjoy yourself at a fashionable watering-place when I tell you that I cannot go," said Mr. Winsor, "going into" a piece of rare beef-steak with a rather ferocious air.

"I should see but little less of you there than here. You leave me every in the morning, and return late at night," said Mrs. Winsor; "and when you do come, you are too tired or too cross to be any company to me. And now you want to deprive me of the only little enjoyment I can think of. I want to be at Saratoga; you want me to die, moved up in this hot city, so that you can marry a rich wife, who will mend your fortune—that Widow Fink—Dorothy Fink, I mean, whom you was so anxious to before you married me."

"Edda—Edda, you talk like a fool! Go to Saratoga, if you want to, I don't say no more against it."

And, with these words, Mr. Winsor rose and left the table; his breakfast evidently not half finished.

"He is so querulous. I knew I could make him let me go," said the young wife, as she saw him leave the room so abruptly. "He never can bear to hear me speak of that widow."

CHAPTER II.

ONLY two weeks later, the music of a full band was filling the air with its sweet strains. The orchestra, the most ultra of fashionable bands, the orchestra was filled with dancers, the parlours with a brilliant light, and the piazzas with those who, tired of the heat of the parlours, sought opportunity for fresh air and exercise.

At the end of a piazza, where the light shone most faintly, stood a young man, of a refined style, stout Mrs. Edda Winsor. She was a tall, slender woman, whose dress was elegantly fashionable, and whose air and general appearance was that of a thorough man of the world, and by her side.

"Edda, you look superbly to-night—positively angelic!" said the young man, twisting the ends of his coal-black moustache with fingers upon one of which shone a costly diamond.

"Edgar, Mr. Talbot—flattery! You should keep such speeches for your wife."

"My wife? Why do you bring her up always when I say anything to you? She is off flirting with Major Bates, but that gives me no trouble. I wish he would elope with her, and leave me to do the same thing with the only woman on earth whom I ever saw that was worth dying for."

"Worth dying for?—what woman can that be?"

"Your own precious self, Edda. You know that I love you. Yes, love is too feeble a word to express my feelings—I worship, I adore you!"

"On, Edgar—Edgar, how can you?" And yet Mrs. Winsor, standing there and trembling, did not withdraw the hand which he had seized and pressed passionately to his lips.

"I will give you another throne to worship at before another man gets it," cried a voice choked with passion, as a man stepped from the shadow of a column close by the false wife and faithless husband.

"Heaven, my husband!" cried Mrs. Winsor, in a low scream.

"Yes, your husband! As for you, sir—take that!"

And a stunning blow in the face staggered Mr. Talbot half way across the piazza.

"My address is on that card. I shall expect to hear from you," said Mr. Winsor, as he tossed his card in the face of Talbot, and left the spot.

CHAPTER III.

A SUNNY morning, with just breezes enough to rustle the leaves on the trees, and to beat the perfume of the summer flowers through the pleasant avenues of the groves which border Saratoga Lake. Birds fill the mellow air with music, and the transparent vasalets of the lake dance like melted silver globules in the sunlight.

A scene too beautiful to be married—but there, on the banks of that lake, on measured ground, with the weapons of death in their hands, with looks of hewed darkness in their faces, stand the merchant, Lemuel Winsor, and the libertine, Edgar Talbot.

Their seconds at their posts, and the two men only wait the word to raise their weapons which will bear death perhaps to one or both of them.

At that instant, through an opening in the trees, the fluttering of a dress is seen—a female is hurrying towards the spot.

"Quick!—the word—the word!" muttered Winsor, in a hoarse tone for he saw who was coming.

"Ready, gentlemen, ready?" cried the second who had won the word.

"Ready!" was the response from both the men.

"Fire! One, two, three!"

Two reports, both almost at the same moment, rang on the air, and at the same instant a wild shriek came from the lips of a pale woman who was rushing to the scene.

One instant Winsor stood erect, pressing his hand to his breast, then, just as his wife rounded the spot, he fell backward to the earth, his eyes speaking the reproach which his dying lips could not utter.

Wild was her scream as she realized his fate, and fell fainting upon his body.

"Dreadful unpleasant—she is a widow, but he forced it upon me. Tell her I've gone to Canada, when she comes to!" said Talbot, coolly, to his second, and he turned and walked rapidly away, leaving both his victims on the ground.

SEIZURE OF ARMS IN DUNDALK.

ON Saturday morning, the Dundalk police effected an extensive seizure of rifles, bayonets, and pistols, which had just arrived by the steamerboat from Liverpool. No information whatever had been given about the matter; but, looking over the invoices of the goods, a list of which is now daily supplied to the police, the designation of certain goods, viz., "cases," without throwing any light as to the contents, excited their suspicions. The next morning the steamerboat arrived at the quay at about six o'clock, but long before that time Sub-Constables McKeown and Read were at their post, and eagerly scanned all the goods that were unshipped. After various other packages had been removed which had no interest for the police, two men were soon visible on the tramway carrying a flat box, and as they walked along the plank from the boat to the land it was easily seen that their strength was put to the test. The box was laid down, and the men returned to the boat, and another box came, which was also followed by a third. No more having made their appearance, those which had just been landed were about to be taken to the railway station, when the police went over and seized the boxes. The contents of the boxes were not examined, but they were ordered to be taken to the depot of authority. The boxes were laid on the ground, and, of course, as there was only very meagre suspicion attached to the contents, a satisfactory peep was all that the police desired. The contents of the boxes were from Birmingham, as the labels outside indicated, and they were directed to Mr. John Sherr, Colonel who is an extensive ironmonger in that locality. After some difficulty the boxes were forced open, and the gleam of satisfaction which reigned on the countenances of the police evinced success. Packed neatly together in the first box were thirty well-finished carbines; under these lay concealed a number of large pistols, together with a quantity of munitions for making bullets. The under boxes were then examined, and their contents were not with singular success; each contained about thirty heavy double-barrelled guns, not like the ordinary fowling pieces, but resembling rifles. By this time a large crowd had congregated, and the police, after shutting and binding their iron-ware, had some difficulty in making their way to the barracks. The affair, when made known through the town, created considerable excitement, for on the day previous a similar seizure had been effected.

If the seizure in the morning created any excitement, it was redoubled when the news spread over the town that another and more extensive one had been effected. Sub-constables Neil and Gorman were on duty in Francis-street in the evening, about five o'clock, and, as usual, were on the *qui vive* and the recent seizures made them soon with a critical eye every object which at other times would not create the slightest suspicion. In the middle of the street is a large, arched way there are always a number of carts standing waiting the ordering of horses. The constables went over to one of the carts, on which were some boxes, and, suspecting, from the outward shape, that there might be something inside worth looking for, forced the box open, and discovered a quantity of rifles. There were also in another box a large number of bayonets. They were all consigned to a Mr. James, of Dunblough, County Down, and were from a house in Manchester.

AN ELABORATE SWINDLE.

ON Monday, the 17th ult., a "gentleman" drove up in a close cab to the house of Mr. —, in Berkeley-square, and presenting an order from Messrs. Banting, the eminent firm in St. James's-street, asked to see over the premises, which he wished to take furnished for twelve months. Mr. — saw him, and explained that since he had placed his house for letting in Messrs. Banting's hands he had sustained losses, and had been severely disappointed in the receipt of a sum of money that was owing to him, and that being under certain engagements it would now be necessary for him either to sell his house or raise upon it a sufficient amount for his requirements. The stranger, who heaved with apparent interest to this, announced himself thereupon as Mr. Montefiore, the nephew of Sir Moses, and connected with Messrs. Rothschild's house, said that his wife and two children were expected up, and that he wanted a house immediately, pending the decoration and furnishing of one he had purchased; that money was of no object to him, and if Mr. — could make any arrangement whereby he could get the house he should be very glad to take it, "although not quite large enough to accommodate eleven servants." Mr. "Montefiore" then affected to know a great deal of Mr. —'s antecedents and personal history, and begged him to "think it over," and see him at the Langham Hotel on the following day at four o'clock.

Having been to Messrs. Banting and heard that they had sent the "gentleman," Mr. — kept the appointment, and was shown into a private sitting-room by a servant in plain clothes, who always attended his master, and on each occasion of his visit to Berkeley-square sat outside the cab, and remained in the hall during the interviews. The face of this man, as well as that of Mr. "Montefiore," were familiar to Mr. —, a fact which now goes far to substantiate the belief that it was a deep-laid scheme upon him by some persons intimately acquainted with his affairs.

The millionaire received Mr. — with much cordiality, said that he had really no idea of taking the house, but had become so much interested in his affairs and in him, and saw it to be of such importance to Mr. —, with his fine prospects, not to part with the possession of a residence he would hereafter require because he was temporarily pressed, and he had suggested this meeting with the sole object of begging him (Mr. —) to regard him as a friend able and ready to assist him to the extent of his present requirements. Mr. — could with difficulty express his acknowledgments for an offer at once so timely, so unexpected, and so romantic, and refused it, except upon the understanding that Mr. Montefiore would take a transfer of his leasehold property as security for the advance. This the millionaire assented to, saying that it would give him a hold on his debtor, and said he would send Mr. Chisholm, "whom he always employed," to carry out the necessary arrangements, but that this need not impede the carrying out of his part of it, which he would be prepared to do on Thursday. On his return home Mr. — wrote to Mr. "Montefiore" reiterating his thanks for his assistance at the singularity of his friendly offices, and his wish to secure his timely benefactor in every possible way. To this note he received on Thursday morning a reply as follows:—

"Langham Hotel, Portland-place London, W.,

"January 17th, 1866.

"My dear Sir,—I regret that many engagements throughout this day have prevented me replying earlier to your note at hand. Until I shall have accomplished something for your benefit, I am but the unworthy—because undeserved—recipient of your thanks. If agreeable to you, I will call on you to-morrow (Thursday), P. M., between two and three, for the furtherance of the object in view. Believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours,

"J. M. MONTFIORE."

Accordingly, at two on Thursday he went again to Berkeley-square, and said he had arranged with a bank at which he had influence and some interest, that Mr. — (having first, in the usual way, opened an account with £500) should have an open credit for the amount he required, Mr. "Montefiore" being his surety to the bank. All this with any one else but Mr. Montefiore would have seemed very strange to Mr. —, who had had some experience of banking; but at once said he was not prepared with £500. Upon this the millionaire said he had £250 or £300 with him (inferring that it was in his pocket-book or at the hotel), and that as Mr. — could return it immediately on the completion of the affair he must find the rest, and all could be concluded on the following day. Mr. —, regarding this proposal for his finding £200 or £250 as a test of his responsibility, went on the following day at one o'clock having provided himself with an open check for £200 on the South-west branch of the London and Westminster Bank. Mr. "Montefiore" was waiting in his room at the Langham Hotel and showed Mr. — a check he had drawn in his favour for £300, which, from delicacy, Mr. — did not particularly scrutinize. Placing both checks carefully on the table, Mr. "Montefiore" asked whether he or Mr. — should first get them cashed, as he did not wish the account opened with checks. Here again Mr. — could only demur to taking any part in a matter arranged with so much apparent kindness for his personal benefit, upon which Mr. "Montefiore" put them in his pocket, and, after discussing religious matters for half an hour, they started in a hansom for the bank at South-west, Mr. — waiting outside in the cab while the great man went in to cash the check or checks. On his return he directed "nobody" to drive to the corner of St. Swin's-lane and King William-street, on the plea of going to Messrs. Rothschild's and getting "one of Sir Anthony's men" to go with them to the bank to carry the transaction through. "Montefiore" had previously shown Mr. — an agreement for a house in Queen's-gate-terrace (made out in the name of Montefiore), which the owners had offered to let him unfurnished for £500 a year.

Mr. — again waited in the cab, but after an interval of some twenty minutes he had a suspicion that he had been robbed, and went down to Messrs. Rothschild's to inquire if Mr. Montefiore was there, and heard that he was. Feeling then quite ashamed of his suspicion, he made the excuse that he wanted to discharge the cab in which he was waiting for him, and asked the cashier to give him change of a sovereign. Having received this, he did dismiss the cab in order to account for his following "Montefiore" to Messrs. Rothschild's. He then walked up and down St. Swin's-lane for half an hour, and feeling that he should be too late for the train he had to catch at Waterloo, went again to Messrs. Rothschild's to see Mr. Montefiore. Then he did see the real Mr. Montefiore, and found to his dismay that he had been the victim of a clever, but, under the circumstances, most cruel hoax and robbery. Mr. — hastened to the detectives in Old Jewry and Vine-street, and thence to the Langham Hotel, where he found that the servant (or accomplice) had left. From Mr. Schumann, the manager of the hotel, he heard that "Montefiore" had been there a week, that his bill for £12, delivered on the previous day, had not been paid, and that he had given notice of his intention to leave on the day in question (Friday last). Nothing was to be found in his sitting-room, but in the bed-room were two portmanteaus, one empty and the other weighted with bricks.

"Montefiore" is a Jew, about five feet five inches in height, dark complexion, black hair, whiskers, and moustache (slight), and very short-sighted, wearing spectacles with powerful lenses. He was well-dressed, and had the demeanour and address of a gentleman. His servant or accomplice, is a tall thin man with no whiskers, and black moustache; he was in plain clothes, with a white neckcloth.

Mr. Kank, the proprietor of Marlborough-street, has issued his warrants for the apprehension of the swindlers, and the master is in the hands of the detectives.

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An old lady, whose son was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among her parting admonitions, gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want to see him come back a "bigger."

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